YOU ARE ON THE PICKETLINES, TOO

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NEW MASSES

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ARE WE HEADING TOWARD A NEW CRASH?

A Soviet expert examines the world's postwar economic outlook.

by ***EUGENE VARGA***

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM, LOUIS ARAGON DISCUSS THEODORE DREISER

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *Klingender's "Marxism and Modern Art" reviewed by Louis Harap; The Gray Ship's Captain, by Howard Fast; Karen Horney's "Our Inner Conflicts" reviewed by Bernard S. Robbins. Don Freeman Looks at the Telegraph Strike.*

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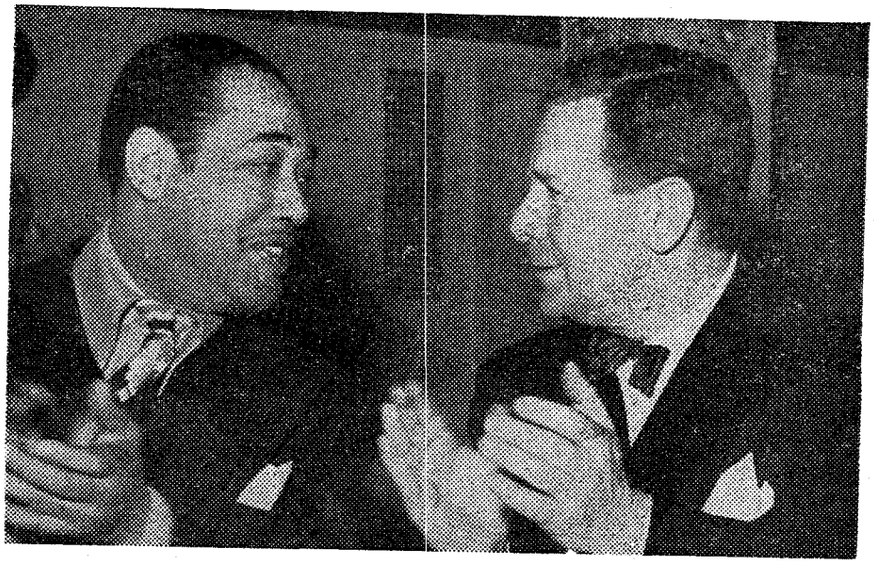

NEW MASSES
Annual Awards Dinner

EIGHT HUNDRED people cheered twenty-two Americans awarded scrolls for their great contributions toward racial equality in America. The recipients were chosen from varied fields. The list: Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, Sterling Brown, Ben Davis, Jr., Dean Dixon, Dr. Charles Drew, Dr. W. E. DuBois, Arnaud d'Usseau, James Gow, Duke Ellington, Jacob Lawrence, Canada Lee, Dr. Alain Locke, Joe Louis, Carlton Moss, Pearl Primus, Paul Robeson, Malcolm Ross, Hilda Simms, Frank Sinatra, Ferdinand Smith. Awards were given by Howard da Sylva, who narrated a dramatic script written by Rae Dalven. More photographs and speeches of the participants will appear in the February 12 issue, in Negro History Week.

The evening, at the Commodore Hotel, was under the co-chairmanship of Howard Fast and Mrs. Paul Robeson, and was one of the most stirring in this magazine's history, for it typified the increased spirit and determination on the part of people everywhere to do away with all forms of prejudice through a solid unity of all races.

Top, left to right: Editor Joseph North and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois; second, Duke Ellington and Joseph Foster; third, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune; fourth, Dr. Alain Locke.

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TOWARD A NEW CRASH?

By EUGENE VARGA

The following article by Prof. Varga, the internationally-known Soviet economist, originally appeared in the May, 1945, issue of "World Economy and World Politics," published in Moscow. From internal evidence it is also clear that the article was written quite some time before it reached print. The postscript provides the opinions of other Soviet analysts.

THE end of the war in Europe makes the question of the course of economic life in the capitalist world a very actual one. What is the prospect for the immediate future, or to speak more exactly, what will be the movement of the first industrial cycle after the war?

It would be too risky to attempt to forecast already the course of this cycle, all the more because the lack of statistical material prevents any accurate judgment even on the present economic situation. Nevertheless, the Marxist method and understanding of the economic situation which existed after the end of the first world war, and also such statistics as are available about the economy of the United States—that decisive factor in world capitalist economy—make possible a scientific analysis of the problem and an indication of the general lines of the industrial cycle following on the war. Obviously it would be wrong to believe that after this war what happened following on the last war will be quite simply repeated. There are quite important differences between the situation in that period and now. We shall deal with these differences in detail.

By way of a starting point, we can use the fact that every world war breaks the course of the industrial cycle, suspends the cyclical features of the productive process during the period of the war and brings about a phase of "boom of a special kind." This results from the distortion of the economy under the influence of the war. In peacetime the most difficult problem for capital is the question of the realization of the value of commodities, how to pass over from the commodity form to the money form of capital. The problems of realization, or to put it in another way, the problems of the market, do not exist in wartime. The military needs far exceed the productive possibilities which have remained unused in peacetime as the result of the lack of markets.

In war, the government appears on the market as a buyer with unlimited purchasing power. Under war conditions the capitalist has to worry, not about the sale of his products, but about how to transform the capital which he has in money form into productive capital. He has to strive to replace the elements of productive capital: labor power, raw materials, means of production and transport. It is not the consumers' demand that sets limits to capitalist production, as is the case in time of peace, but on the contrary, the insufficient production sets limits both to the productive and to the unproductive demand of the civilian population.

The longer the war continues, the greater the extent to which the consumers' demands of society exceed its productive capacity. The values used up, that is, the productive capital which is not renewed in this form, sits idle in the bank in the form of money capital, since the productive capital is unable to renew its form as a result of the shortage of raw materials, machinery, buildings and labor power. The same takes place with that portion of the profit which is destined for accumulation. The income of workers, employes, officials and officers cannot be spent fully owing to the shortage of consumers' goods and the balance, therefore, for the most part sits idle in various savings funds.

All these immense sums of accumulated consumers' demands await the end of the war, and after the removal of government restrictions will rush with full force into the commodity markets.

THUS all the prerequisites are present, after the ending of the war and a short period of difficulties in passing over from war to peace, for the beginning of the ascending phase in a new industrial cycle. This was the case after the first world war, but the period of rising production was extremely short. Indices of industrial production show that the highest point was reached in the United States in March 1920, in Britain in the first quarter of 1920 and in France in November 1920. Thus in the two most decisive capitalist countries, the United States and Britain, the rise of production after the end of the war lasted only about fifteen months.

As for the countries of Continental Europe, with the exception of the neutral countries, all of them were so impoverished (in real terms) as a result of the war, that the effect of accumulated consumers' demands in the form of banking deposits and savings and partly also in cash, did not lead to a rise in production, but to inflation. There was an effective demand for goods, but production could increase only very slowly because in these countries the material elements of production were lacking—the raw materials, machinery and transport. At that time we characterized the economic situation of those countries as a crisis of underproduction, having in view the fact that the low level of production was not the result of overproduction and insufficient demand for goods, as is the case with the "normal" crises of overproduction. It was due to a shortage of means of production, that is, to the impoverishment of those countries.

Statistics also show that in the course of the brief rise of the productive cycle after the war, nowhere in Europe, as distinct from the United States, did production reach the pre-war level. This level was only reached some years after the 1920 crisis—in France in 1924, in Germany 1927, England only in 1929, that is, immediately before the new world crisis of 1929-1933. This means that after the end of the last war, the chief European countries needed six, nine and eleven years before their industrial production reached the pre-war level.

The index of wholesale prices after the last war shows that the highest level was reached in the United States in January 1920, and in Britain in March 1920. But what is of even greater sig-

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nificance is the fact that during the 1920-21 crisis, although prices fell sharply they did not drop to the 1913 level; and this in spite of the fact that there can be no doubt that the rising productivity of labor lowered the value of products of the same quality (that is, the social labor time embodied in them). The level of prices should have fallen below the level of 1913, but the strength of monopoly and the fact that the war resulted in a piling up of overheads on production (taxes, rents, transport costs, and so on) maintained market prices at a far higher level than before the war. And it was only in the crisis of 1929-33 that prices fell in accordance with the fall in value, that is, to such an extent that they fell even below the level of 1913. The artificial maintenance of a high level of prices through the 1920-21 crisis undoubtedly contributed towards the depth and sharpness of the crisis of 1929-33.

IF WE compare the economic consequences of the second world war, so far as the capitalist world is concerned, with the consequences of the first world war, we can say with full assurance that at the end of the present war the distortion of economy in the capitalist world will be much greater than in 1918.

Although the 1914-18 war was also a world war, it was in great measure a European war so far as its direct effects were concerned. In the case of this war, the impoverishment of the capitalist world as a whole will be much greater than it was then.

Moreover, the difference in the economic situation of those countries which did not become a theater of war operations, as compared with those which did, will be much greater. The economic situation in those countries not directly involved—in the first place the United States and the British Dominions, and to some extent also Britain, South American countries and the European neutrals —will be in sharp contrast with the economic situation of the capitalist countries overrun by Germany in Europe, which will be absolutely impoverished, short of everything and involved in a complete collapse of their economy.

On the other hand, the United States, also Canada, South Africa, etc., will come out of the war with their productive apparatus much increased and improved, while in the countries of continental Europe ravaged by the war the means of production will, for the most part, have been worn out or destroyed and their towns and transport systems greatly damaged. For this reason, shortly after the end of the war the countries of the first group will be "countries of overproduction" while in the ravaged countries, as after the first world war, there will be "a crisis of underproduction." But the territory covered by this second group will be much greater than it was after the first world war. In the countries of Eastern Europe allied with the Soviet Union, this crisis of underproduction will not be so sharp thanks to their closer economic relations with the Soviet Union.

Britain will occupy a kind of intermediate position. Although it was not a theater of war operations, there was considerable material loss as a result of air attacks. During the war it spent or lost a considerable part of its overseas investments and will come out of the war with a far higher indebtedness to its Dominions and Colonies. According to the practically unanimous estimates of British economists, it will be necessary for Britain after the war to increase its exports by fifty percent as compared with pre-war, in order to import the food and raw materials it needs to restore the pre-war standard of living. In order to guarantee this, Britain will have to carry out a very flexible economic policy.

The existence in the United States of a greater and more efficient productive apparatus and of a "deferred" demand of some fifty billion dollars, will undoubtedly produce in the United States a short-lived prosperity, just as after the first world war. This demand will in the first place be directed towards consumers' goods of secondary necessity, such as automobiles, refrigerators, television sets, furniture, houses, etc., the production of which during the war was either prohibited or very much restricted. The demand for goods of prime necessity such as food, clothing and shoes will be only slightly in excess of normal, as production of these during the war was very little affected. On the other hand, the demand for means of production will in all probability be *lower* than before the war owing to the great extension of the productive apparatus during the war. . . .

FOR a correct judgment about the future course of the industrial cycle, we must also take into account the rise in the productivity of labor as a result of the technical improvements carried out during the war. The fact that industries no longer had to worry about markets and were being pressed to satisfy the needs of the war led to a great number of technical innovations, some of which were already known, but had not been used because of market difficulties. The increase in labor productivity in the United States during the war is estimated at about four percent per annum as compared with two percent in peacetime. This is one of the most powerful factors which will influence the course of the trade cycle after the war.

Thus we see that the conclusion of the war and the changeover of enterprises from war production to peace products will threaten many departments of American economy with overproduction, in spite of the fact that there will be a considerable deferred demand for consumers' goods and housing. The effect on the market of this deferred demand will be counteracted by considerable unemployment, shorter working hours and the return of workers from the armed forces. This mass unemployment will result in a reduction of the current income of the working class and, therefore, of its purchasing power.

Certain factors, therefore, will act in the direction of curtailing the length of the ascending phase of the industrial cycle in the United States, which we have assumed will follow the close of the European war. But on the other hand, a number of important factors will act in the direction of lengthening the ascending phase. We refer to the most important of these factors below.

(*Varga here refers to the probability of the Japanese War continuing for some time and thus easing the transition both in the United States and in Britain. This paragraph is omitted.*)

As for the question of prices, the increase during the war in the belligerent countries has been much smaller than in the first world war. There are two reasons for this:

First, in the larger capitalist countries there was considerable unused productive capacity before the war.

Second, government regulation of prices became effective earlier in this war and was more systematic.

The index of wholesale prices shows that up to 1943, the rise compared with 1939 had been only thirty-five percent in the United States and sixty-seven percent in Britain. In the neutral countries, the rise was much greater—Sweden seventy-nine percent, Switzerland 106 percent, Turkey 478 percent.

The fact that prices have risen less sharply in the United States and Britain might lead to the assumption, by analogy with the first world war, that at the conclusion of the war there will be a very great increase in prices. We do not,

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however, believe that this will take place. The gradual transition of economy to peace production, the maintenance of state control on prices and their regulation during the transition period, and particularly in the United States the surplus productive capacity in agriculture and in the raw materials industries, partly also in the manufacturing industries, will work against the rise in prices in countries with stable money and will in any case weaken the tendency to rise.

It must here be emphasized that although even in the United States there is not a great rise in prices as compared with 1939, all the same prices, just as in the first world war, are on the average above value. Insofar as the increased productivity of labor has resulted in a reduction of the social labor time embodied in each unit, as compared with pre-war, prices expressed in gold or in dollars should have been lower than pre-war. For this reason, in the United States in the postwar period, we should not anticipate any significant rise in prices, while further in the crisis phase which will follow this rise, a very important fall of prices is to be expected. It will be much the same in those countries whose exchange maintains a firm relation to the dollar as, for example, Britain and the British Dominions.

THE course of the postwar industrial cycle will be quite different in the countries of continental Europe. In their case, we cannot speak of any ascending phase of production in the postwar period, such as would bring their production to the pre-war level. It is true that the effective demand for goods will exist, but there will be no possibility of producing the goods to satisfy this demand. In these countries a crisis of underproduction will be inevitable, just as after the first world war. The shortage of all kinds of means of production and transport will considerably restrict the possibility of productive enterprise. The danger of inflation will be extremely great. In order to avoid sharp inflation or at least to modify it, it is possible for the countries of continental Europe to maintain for many years after the war government regulation of production of consumers' goods, of prices, and so on.

The degree that this inflationary crisis of underproduction will reach in Europe, the period it will last, and the extent to which it will result in open inflation, will depend in considerable measure on how soon and to what extent the countries with an undamaged

COMING SOON!

Louis Aragon writes on Maurice Thorez, Secretary General of the French Communist Party. Exclusive for NEW MASSES.

or stronger economy—United States, Canada and perhaps Britain—are prepared to help in the process of restoration in Europe by advancing credits for the means of production. France has already received credits from the United States for the purchase of locomotives and rolling-stock, raw materials and food. The countries of Eastern Europe will receive aid in the first place from the Soviet Union.

The projected organization of an International Exchange Fund and an International Bank for Reconstruction should help these aims. . . .

The immense resources of the United States not only allow it to export considerable amounts of capital to Europe, but because of the danger of overproduction and the threat of mass unemployment, such export becomes in the highest degree desirable.

Certainly the export of capital in considerable sums raises the problem of transfers, that is the question of how the profit or interest on the capital exported by the United States can be paid in some natural form. This question aroused a good deal of discussion after the first world war. It is characteristic that the National State Bank in its monthly bulletins in 1920-21 repeatedly expressed strong views against the European governments being asked to pay the United States their war debts.

The possibility of payment in raw materials has been reduced as a result of the war. After the war, imports of many important types of raw material will fall to a greater or less extent. So far as America is concerned, this refers particularly to rubber, vegetable oils and silk. These together amount to about one-sixth of American imports and in the postwar period they will fall to insignificant amounts as the result of the development of synthetic rubber, soya bean production and improvements in the quality of artificial silk (nylon). Hence after the war it will be necessary for the United States to import new types of commodities. It is clear that the old tariff policy of the United States does not correspond to the new position of the United States in the world market. This was a point which Roosevelt had already called attention to during the war.

Summing up, we may say that after the conclusion of the war, countries whose productive apparatus has not been damaged, or has been improved, will pass through the ascending phase of a productive cycle in the course of two to four years. This phase will end with a crisis of overproduction, which in all probability will be more prolonged than the crisis of 1920-21. This crisis of overproduction will in turn worsen the situation of the countries of continental Europe, which by that period will have raised their production as compared with the extremely low level at the end of the war, but all the same will still be struggling to overcome the crisis of underproduction and the danger of inflation.

After this postwar crisis has been overcome, and the stabilization of at least some European currencies has been achieved, a new full industrial cycle will begin. But this cycle will not be like the cycle of 1921-29 with its relatively strong ascending phase (especially in the United States and in Germany) but will resemble rather the cycle of 1929-1937 with its "depression of a special kind" and will not reach the full phase of prosperity. The factors which then prevented the full ascending phase from developing—the sharp contradiction between the unlimited drive of capital for its extension and the restricted limits of the purchasing power of society, and the consequent chronic underemployment of the productive apparatus, together with chronic unemployment—will act with even greater force in the first "normal" postwar cycle.

Certainly it is necessary to emphasize that the Soviet Union, whose economy excludes the possibility of a crisis of overproduction, will be a stabilizing factor for the economy of the countries of Eastern Europe. The cyclical crisis of overproduction in the United States and Britain will find its reflection in the economy of all other countries in the capitalist world, while the absence of crisis in the USSR will be a beneficent influence on countries which are linked economically with the USSR.

Postscript

The following are points from a discussion on Varga's article held at the Institute of World Economy and World

(*Continued on page* 15)

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WHEN WE MET DREISER

By LOUIS ARAGON

Paris, by mail.

THIS great man grown heavy with age still had something childlike in his features. When he arrived at the Gare Saint Lazare that afternoon in July 1938, his eyes were still dazzled from the ocean crossing. No one more perfectly American than the author of *An American Tragedy* can be imagined. To the ordinary observer he was only a tourist like any other tourist, and one could smile that his first concern on disembarking was to find—out of a spirit of precaution—a drugstore where he might buy some Bromo Seltzer. He arrived in Paris like countless others of his compatriots with the same fears, the same curiosity, believing the same legends.

But Theodore Dreiser in Paris in July 1938, meant something else. It was indeed that what was most profoundly, most essentially American had come to us. The man who, in the intellectual world, represented the epitome of the isolation, if not the isolationism, of America, and what was farthest, most inaccessable in that immense American national reality which has her sky to herself and her own stars. It has not been fully understood what the arrival of this man in France, in July 1938, meant. What a step forward in history that arrival symbolized! And how glorious it was later for us all when his country threw into the balance of liberty the weight of her industry, her arms, her sons!

Now Theodore Dreiser, the greatest of realists, the actual founder of American realism, is dead. And this makes scarcely a ripple in our papers—even those which devote themselves to literature. They seem not to know that after Melville and Whitman, Henry James and Mark Twain, Dreiser had to come to make possible the young Pleiade of new talents, Faulkner, and Steinbeck, and Cauldwell, so much admired in France in our time. The position of Dreiser is both that of Zola and a writer whom we never had, one who would be to the French realistic novel what Nerval or Peguy were to poetry. This is the tree which has its roots in American reality and spreads its shade over the generations to come.

At the 1938 International Writers Conference in Paris, over which he presided, Dreiser said, summing up the history of his country: "There was a war to abolish slavery and this war was followed immediately by the most aggressive, the most realistic commercial development the world has ever seen. We passed from black slavery to white slavery of the workers throughout the country. From 1865 to 1896 all our giant corporations, and likewise our great companies, were founded. Our oil companies, our packing companies, our steel companies, our railroads, as well as their banks and their lawyers, so oppressed the people that in actual practice they were promoters of social change. . . ."*

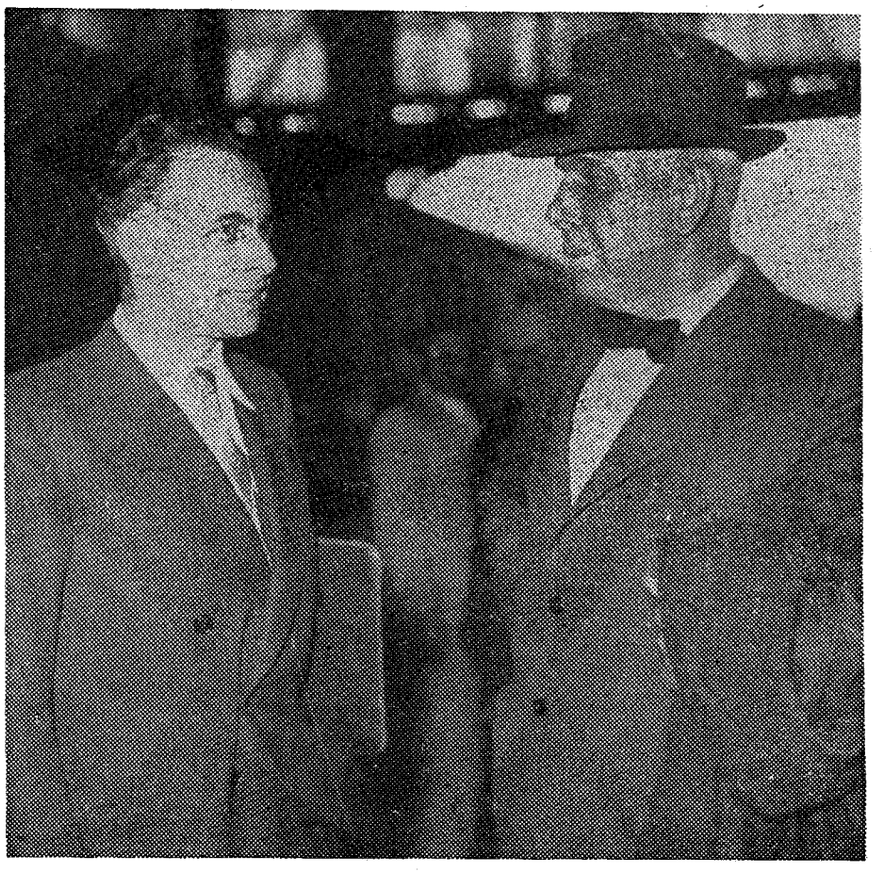
I should like to repeat this whole address on the morning after a war fought for liberty and democracy. At this moment when Dreiser is gone—he who in 1938 came out of isolation to bring the experience of his whole life in his country to the level of the experience of all of humanity—one may ask, what for him was the lesson of his last years?

Of another war, the one they called "The Great War" in 1938, he said: "Then there was the Great War, with the arrival of the Russian Revolution and of communism, which again changed the direction of literature—or rather, divided it in two streams, one continuing the novel of fiction and human interest without preocccupation with the social order, the other shedding light on a long list of problems of the workers on the farms and in the factories. . . ."

He said also: "I believe that with us the fight for social justice is still in its infancy." What would he say on the morrow of this last war?

But it is so simple! Last year he sent a letter to the American Communist Party (and I am proud that along with others my name appeared among his reasons for becoming a Communist) and he brought to it the great strength of his name, as earlier Barbusse did to our party in France. The great Ameri-

* This and the following passage are retranslated from the French.



Louis Aragon (left) meets Theodore Dreiser (right) at the Gare St. Lazare in Paris, July 1938. Photograph from "Ce Soir," Aragon's paper.

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can realist very naturally came to recognize as his that Party, our brother, which tomorrow will be the best guarantee in America for a France at work, for a France rebuilding, against those great companies, those giant corporations which tomorrow may forget that we fought together, Americans and French, to abolish a slavery, Nazi slavery, and who may help to recreate a new slavery, under whatever name. Theodore Dreiser, our friend Theodore Dreiser, knew that something had changed in the world, in the world where national realities, diverse as the colors of a prism, make a single white light, whose enemy is shadow. The men of shadows strangely resemble one another in New York or in Paris.

Theodore Dreiser chose the road and the Party of light.

DREISER AND HIS AMERICA

By EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

DREISER's place in American literature is secure not because he wrote so well, but because what he wrote cut so deeply to the core of American life. Other novelists of his generation and later were capable of a better style, were more poetic or more brilliant or more subtle. What Sherwood Anderson and Hemingway later said was better said, but it was less worth saying. It was either more superficial or less genuine as a statement in fiction of the American personality and its problems. Dreiser's intention surpassed his accomplishment. But there are men in the arts whose integrity as men distracts attention from their limitations as artists. Their integrity dominates the imperfection of their utterance, draws the reader beyond the verbal statement into the very heart of the intended meaning; so that he is attentive solely to its significance and is willing to cooperate with the author in its elucidation. Dreiser's novels are of this sort. They raise vital problems and invite the aid of the reader for their solution. His novels are evidence from life that compels certain definite conclusions. It is for the evaluation of these conclusions that Dreiser appeals to the reader through the influence of his own unassuming, undogmatic disposition.

His first novel, *Sister Carrie*, published at the turn of the century, illustrates not only the type of problem with which Dreiser was concerned, but the quality of his plea to the reader for recognition of the facts, concurrence in their interpretation, and an awakening to their broader significance. Carrie, coming to live with her married sister in Chicago, is dissatisfied with the pale routine of their lower middle class domesticity. Her sister and her husband, cowed by the demands of respectability, possessing neither will nor ambition but only habit, are undisturbed by the pressure of any expanding capacities within. They work and economize and save and fear criticism. Restless under so static and impoverished a conception of the good life, sister Carrie leaves to live with a man who offers her the pleasure of decent clothes and a real interest in her personality. Such nonconformity certainly has its risks, and Carrie shortly finds herself on a train out of Chicago with another man whose weakness of character has led him to pretend that he is taking her to visit her sick lover. She soon discovers that Hurstwood has run away from his own family with the intention of living with her. Since she already prefers him and is fairly helpless, she yields, and they establish themselves in New York. They become friendly with neighbors who introduce them to the sophistication of the theater and the glamor of fashionable restaurants. But high living on such a precarious basis is not enough for Carrie. She accepts it not merely as self-indulgence but as an avenue for the release of slowly gathering ambitions. Very soon a contrast develops between her lover and herself, which is that between weakness and strength of character, between a growing consciousness of talents awaiting expression and an increasing self-doubt that shrinks from responsibility. Hurstwood is demoralized by the fact that he came to New York with stolen funds. Under the need to keep his identity secret and his secret from his supposed wife, he loses his grip, sinks into more and more obscure jobs, and finally does the shopping for the house while Carrie, turning frivolity into opportunity, tries out for the stage. She becomes a successful actress in comedy on her own merits, and is at length freed from dependence upon men. Though she continues generously to support Hurstwood for some time, he recognizes that she no longer loves or respects him, and they eventually drift apart. Hurstwood degenerates into a derelict, while Carrie stabilizes her success.

Obviously the story has the simplicity of a formula. If as you read it, the unpleasant awareness of a formula is wanting, it is not that the shocking nature of the one he has chosen distracts attention from its presence, but that the inductive method Dreiser follows does away with the sense of formula altogether. For Dreiser seems intent only to discover through his operations the ethical principles by which men and women actually live, and not at all concerned to impose a preconceived ethical rule upon them by a preconceived selection of material. More empirical than Zola's *Nana*, *Sister Carrie* is free from the taint of special pleading through the accumulation of sensational detail. Its proof appears limited to the essential, and the essential appears valid because it is clearly the very stuff of daily life in the colloquial diction men actually use. Dreiser's conclusions, therefore, seem, like those of the scientist, to arise solely from an honest examination of the material. It was probably the unassailable nature of his evidence that caused the contemporary reactions of hostility. Dreiser faced his public with conclusions, incapable of rebuttal, which exposed the hypocrisy of official standards. After his story had been thus simply and directly told, however, he did not hesitate to drive the lesson home in the now quaint diction, blended of the ages of enlightenment and evangelicalism, which came naturally to him when he generalized. "Not evil, but longing for that which is better, more often directs the steps of the erring. Not evil, but goodness more often allures the feeling mind unused to reason."

Now what is intriguing in the present day about this conception of goodness is that it is, as theory, no more than an honest extension into the field of ethics of the philosophy of practical life dominant in America during the period of industrialization. It has been clarified for us, as far as business is concerned, in Gustavus Meyer's *History of*

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the Great American Fortunes. This work not only proves that these fortunes were assembled by means of a ruthless breaking of the statute laws for which the average man was penalized; it suggests that the average man, when he admired the millionaire for breaking the very laws he dared not break himself, was accepting a double standard. Our popular pragmatism in practice turned up rudiments of Nietzsche's belief in the two moralities, the one of conformity applicable to the common man, and the other permitting the superior man the right to make his own rules. In both instances a distinction of quality of personality was taken for granted. The man who got ahead by breaking laws thus proved his possession of superior qualities of purposiveness, integration, self-confidence, whereas the ordinary man, unsupported by these admirable internal qualities and therefore incapable of breaking the laws without making a mess of things, by his inner weakness recognized his need of these outer controls. Dreiser did no more than extend these assumptions of business ethics into the sphere where the mores of the day refused to recognize they could also apply, but here he found them equally valid. He had been enabled to do so because his insight as a novelist into personality enabled him to pass from the ethical into the psychological aspect of the situation. And in psychological terms he saw that the private life of Carrie's sister was qualitatively similar to this dependence upon the law by the average man; whereas a woman like Carrie herself clearly obeyed inner pressures whose legitimacy her later success pragmatically announced. Her breaking of the ordinary precepts of personal ethics in twice becoming a man's mistress was in obedience to a higher law of her own personality. Dreiser recognized that she suffered no more penalization by so doing than did the elder Morgan or Vanderbilt in their public careers. The strong individual imposes his will upon society and is accepted at his own evaluation.

Such was the way of the world in the United States as Dreiser found it. But though he was quite willing to accept this prevalent idealization of success and to extend its application thus boldly to every area of human interest, though he himself shared the ambitious man's contempt for failure when he thought in general terms, he was troubled because success did not bring happiness. By becoming better than the average, one alienated himself from human contacts. Sister Carrie, "since the world goes its way past all who will not partake of its folly . . . now found herself alone." Love and friendship are somehow associated with the weak and commonplace, and by demanding to be superior, Carrie has missed them. "Know, then, that for you is neither surfeit nor content. In your rocking chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long, alone." At the end of his novel Dreiser left this dilemma for his reader to meditate upon.

But in his next novel he was ready with a partial clarification of his own. In *Jennie Gerhardt*, parting company with the ethic of the marketplace, he finds a higher law than success. That emotional loyalty we call love he now understands better than he did in *Sister Carrie*. It is no longer merely a natural yielding to sensations of pleasure and almost casual companionship. An emotion that is constant, cooperative and self-sacrificing, it now seems the opposite to the will to success, which is self-centered and competitive, ruthless and disloyal. Dreiser turns in something like disgust against the code he had been expounding. "Virtue is that quality of generosity which offers itself willingly for another's service, and, being this, it is held by society to be nearly worthless. Sell yourself cheaply and you shall be used lightly and trampled under foot. Hold yourself dearly, however unworthily, and you will be respected. Society, in the mass, lacks woefully in the matter of discrimination. Its one criterion is the opinion of others. Its one test that of self-preservation." Clearly from this passage the direct influence upon his thinking has not been Nietzsche but social Darwinism. His social views at this time were a projection upon his observation of our competitive life of his desultory reading about Darwin's survival of the fittest. He recognizes the accuracy of the description. In *Sister Carrie* he sought to explore its potentialities for good, and had found them limited. The system now began to offend his moral sense. But though his pity deepened for every individual caught either by its cruelty or its limitations, he began to identify it with "society, in the mass." And he developed a Nietzschean contempt for "society, in the mass" just at the time when he began to reject those justifications of the superman he had found in the pragmatic American worship of success. He still puts the superior individual against society. But his new definition has responded to his better understanding of moral values. The superior individual is no longer the tycoon who seeks the material security and shallow satisfaction of success, but a woman whose understanding of love is deeper than sensuality.

The shift of attitude, however, has not eradicated the dilemma of human happiness. Though Jennie Gerhardt's ideal of life is better, though she has a richer personality than sister Carrie, she is perhaps even more unhappy. For she enjoys neither worldly success nor any requital of her love. Jennie remains poor and miserable not because she has sinned with a lover, not because she is a weak person, but because her lover, bowing to the pressure of his wealthy family, is himself too weak to carry out his desire to marry her. His acceptance of conventional morality is a hypocrisy which he uses to yield to an even more shallow convention of social status against the promptings of his better nature. Strength, now dissociated from a vulgar success, becomes constancy in love in defiance of external circumstances. When Jennie's lover, long since estranged and married in a distant city, falls critically ill, he sends for her; and for this moment of crisis love renews itself in spiritual support. But convention once more resumes control and Jennie is left more desolate than Carrie.

In *Jennie Gerhardt*, however, one must disassociate the meanings of the narrative from Dreiser's own interpretations of these meanings. Actually, "society, in the mass" is not to blame. The action points the sharpest contrast between ways of life in the proletariat and in the upper classes. Bourgeois standards, not working class ones, are responsible. Jennie's old father, the night watchman, has qualities of fidelity and humanity which are reflected in the daughter. His freedom from meretricious conceptions of status, which have also been an influence upon Jennie, cannot fail to be contrasted with the shallowness of aims, whether of morals or manners, in upperclass circles. Jennie's lover is weakened in moral character by his social position in which the "ambition" of poor sister Carrie to keep her head above water has been only too lavishly rewarded. Dreiser is still consciously thinking rather in terms of purely personal relationships, of relationships between individual "wills," than in the terms of environmental influences. But the nature of the plot shows the direction in which he is tending.

Not until almost fifteen years later, when *An American Tragedy* ap-

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Theodore Dreiser in the Soviet Union

Moscow: by cable.

IT WAS with deep sorrow that Soviet intellectuals and the Soviet reading public learned of Theodore Dreiser's death. He was esteemed here as one of America's great novelists, one who had had a major role in the development of American realism, one who had taken a vigorous part in the life of his people and one who had been unyielding in his anti-fascism.

Dreiser's works were printed and reprinted in the Soviet Union in large editions. Especially popular were his novels *Sister Carrie, The Financier, The Titan, Jennie Gerhardt, The Genius* and, of course, his monumental *An American Tragedy*. Not only was *An American Tragedy* published in several large editions but it was dramatized and produced in the theaters of Moscow, Leningrad and the Ukraine. The Soviet intellectuals who had that privilege recall with pleasure their meetings with Dreiser on his extensive visit to the Soviet Union in 1927. His book *Dreiser Looks At Russia* did, we knew, much to acquaint the American people with the reality of Soviet life. His personal knowledge determined his consistent friendship for what revolution had brought to Russia.

The Soviet people were aware that in Dreiser they had an earnest and high-principled friend. Dreiser did much to strengthen the cultural and social ties between the Soviet and American peoples. When the Second World War began his voice was heard by all the nations; it was the voice of an ardent anti-fascist calling for an alliance of democratic nations. In the crucial days of the war the Soviet people again heard Dreiser's voice, among those of other world intellectuals, raised in their support. With enduring gratitude the Soviet people will remember his activities in collecting funds in aid of the women and children who had suffered at the hands of the Nazis.

Soviet writers and critics have written extensively on the art of Theodore Dreiser. A large, twelve-volume edition of Dreiser's Collected Works was issued in 1928-1930, with accompanying critical introductions and commentaries. All courses in Western literature have included the study of the works of Theodore Dreiser. On the occasion of his death commemorative meetings and lectures were held in Moscow, Leningrad and other Soviet cities. In Moscow the Writers' Union held a memorial meeting and The Library of Foreign Literature devoted a special exhibition to his life and work. The State Publishing House is to issue a new edition of his collected works.

SIMON DREIDEN.

peared, did the new direction emerge into Dreiser's conscious thinking. During the long interval he mulled over the same problems in the same terms, as though, hypnotized by their significance, he could solve them by repetition. The story of Cowperwood in *The Financier* and *The Titan* does not clear up the ambiguities, only buries them in the garrulities of social history. It presents the environment instead of using it; and one who would like to know what life resembled in the financial circles of Philadelphia before the Civil War and in the sprawling young Chicago afterwards will read them with interest. The relation between graft in politics and success in business is laid bare. But the ethical problems involved remain in suspension: the problems of separating the good from the bad in sex and ambition, of discovering what strength of character means, of relating strength and weakness to the mores of society. The appearance of *The Genius* only increased the confusion. Perhaps, when these problems were made applicable to the artist, they struck too close to home. Whatever is laudable in ambition, in fulfilling one's talents, is now corrupted by a weakness for women, to whom the artist is drawn with a montonoy of "biological urge" and from each of whom he parts in rebellious disillusionment. Only his wife, Angela, remains constant as a shallow version, almost a parody, of the faithful Jennie Gerhardt.

When he did reach a conclusion, he chose to state it negatively. *An American Tragedy* accepts the principle that the environment is responsible for the individual personality. But the novel presents a warning rather than an ideal. A society that operates upon the wrong principles will train individuals who do wrong. *An American Tragedy* is not, like the early novels, the story of a woman of strong character, but of a weak boy who finds himself convicted of murder. With sedulous care Dreiser traces the environmental influences which assembled so pitiable a specimen of American manhood. No longer contrasting the individual to his society, he continues nevertheless to indict our society for its low standards and hypocrisy. He has grown out of his previous social cynicism, just at the time when the other novelists of the twenties were plunging into it. Finding the individual now inextricably bound to his society the large-minded pity he had always felt for the individual now extends to the society that produced him. And his novel becomes an appeal to that society to understand itself, to understand that Clyde Griffiths' tragedy is not an individual one but typically "an American tragedy" in the present generation. What gives the novel its significance is not so much the convincing accumulation of proof, but that what is proved about Clyde Griffiths typifies the combination of good intention and ineffectuality in the American youth of the respectable deferential lower middle class.

Trained with the aid of an evangelical religion into an unrealistic ideal of virtue, over-protected by their struggling parents from the vulgarity of the workaday world into which they must enter, our lower middle class youths too often grow up with meretricious aims and no strength of character to achieve them. The code of virtue they have been taught to follow has filled them with shame for their biological urges, so that, when these break forth, they are unable to control them. So Clyde Griffiths lives on two levels both in love and ambition. Working in his rich uncle's factory, he will not admit to himself that he is a worker among other workers, but assumes that he is slated to rise into an economic position comparable to his uncle's. In these circumstances which compel him to meet the world on its own terms without the protective coddling of his family, he becomes involved in an affair with a factory girl at the same time that his re-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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THE GRAY SHIP'S CAPTAIN

By HOWARD FAST

The following is the fourth and last of a series of sketches written by Mr. Fast on a voyage to India just before V-J Day. The first three have appeared in the preceding issues of NM.

THE captain of the gray ship had learned with sail, which meant that his seamed face had seen half a century of seafaring and more; actually, he had first shipped out on the squarerigger in which, at a later date, Joseph Conrad had cruised around the world; and so small a world is this, with all its millions, that three generations later the captain sat in a German concentration camp with Conrad's brother.

You can't speak of the captain without speaking of the German concentration camp and the two years he spent there. Two wars with Germany had burned into him a fierce hatred of the enemy; two years in the concentration camp had given him the wherewithal to understand them—and you can't hate the enemy properly without understanding him properly.

This captain was a master, and therein a fine distinction must be drawn; there are captains who are captains, because they hold the papers; there are captains who are masters, because the crew are their children, the ship their home, and the waters the part of the land God truly made, when he abandoned the hard and unfeeling earth. There are captains who fight the sea, fight it for a decade, a generation and two generations; and because nothing human could win such a fight, the sea destroys them, twists them out of all shape and goodness: but there are other captains who make their peace with the sea, then a compact, and then the sea respects them, and they in turn come to love the sea. That was the path this captain took. He was sixty-four years old, but sound as a dry nut with juicy meat inside. He had been born in Denmark, spent his childhood there, and from there he had gone to sea. His eyes were small and blue, and they had seen every port and every body of water. They had seen the white sails billowing, and then the reciprocating engines, and then the turbines and diesels.

Early in the war, the captain was called out of retirement, at a time when our merchant marine was expanding hugely, and we were so desperately in need of masters. He accepted willingly enough; he didn't like fascism; he didn't like Nazis, and he didn't like small peoples, such as those in his own native land, to be pushed around. A searfaring man has his own proper idea of freedom, and he's generally not the last to do something about his ideas. So the captain went back on the bridge of a cargo ship, and he was there when a German torpedo ripped out its guts.

The Germans fished him out of the water and took him on board the sub. From there to a concentration camp, and in a concentration camp twenty-four agonizing months had to pass by. It's not easy for a man in his middle sixties, however hard he is, to give away twenty-four months of his life; it wasn't easy for the captain, and he was far from soft. He played cards; he kept a journal; he took his exercises as if he were on his own quarter-deck, and through it all he had a dream. I think in the long run it was the dream that sustained him.

He had a dream of his own ship, his own bridge, his own crew, and his own cargo of war supplies to push through enemy waters. He had a dream of his inevitability; the Nazis had come and they would go, and as before them so after them free men would drive their vessels through the oceans. Nothing had ever stopped the ships of free men, and nothing would. And eventually, after the two years had passed, the captain stood on his bridge again.

That is why there was a little more zest in everything he did. When he took the eight paces on his quarter-deck, four port, four starboard, he took them like a young man.

When he raised his quadrant to the heavens, it was as if he had never seen the sun-drenched sky before; when he drove his gray ship through four days of bitter monsoon, it was with the satisfaction that would have welcomed a typhoon. After he was repatriated, he had only ten days at home, but there was a valid question as to whether this wasn't his real home, start to finish. He hated the enemy, but that alone wasn't enough to drive him clear around the world after what he had been through. His contribution to the war was not a stinting one, a son in the tank corps losing a leg in the Battle of the Bulge, a daughter in the Red Cross in the Philippines—yet he hardly spoke of them, as if the very mention of them would lessen his own desire to be back in the fight.

On one of the gray ships, the captain is the master, in every sense of the word. If power, pure and simple, be spoken of, the power of an absolute ruler, the power of life and death over men, then surely there is no clearer manifestation of it today than the captain of an ocean-going ship. He bows to no one; in the case of any infraction of law, he is both the judge and jury. It is true that once he has returned to port, he may be brought to an accounting, but so long as he is on the deck of his own ship, he is both the law and the judgment. Yet, for all I have seen, from all I have heard, there is no one more humble in the use of his power, more carefully exacting in the definition of it than a sea master.

THE captain of the *Gray Victory* was a hard man; you don't go through what he went through unless you are as hard as nails—yet in all the time I was with him, I never saw him overstep the use of his power. In giving an order, he never raised his voice, and he always left you with the impression that he was asking rather than demanding; nor have I ever seen orders better obeyed, more quickly executed. Indeed, the discipline on a gray ship is something to marvel at, the more so since it never appears to be forced; I find I can't recall any case of an order, given by any ship's officer, resulting in even a degree of hesitation. One of the reasons, perhaps, is that orders are not given simply for the sake of ordering.

The captain was old and punctilious in the tradition of the sea. Though this voyage of the *Gray Victory* lasted almost ninety days, and though in that time the captain came to know the name of almost every man on board, he never used a given or family name, except occasionally in the case of the first officer. The second officer was "second," the third, "third." The chief engineer was "chief," and the steward, with whom he played bridge for months, remained "steward" to the last day of the voyage. The messman who served him was "mess," and so on, down through the officers and crew. In all this delivery, there was an antique, formal dignity,

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something that spoke of Conrad and Melville, of times that would never be again—the old times when, as the story had it, ships were wood and men were iron.

The duties of a captain are both more and less than most folk imagine. First and foremost, he is the master, which makes him directly responsible for the ship, its passage and its fate. There is no evasion of this responsibility; it is not a light one in peacetime; in time of war, it is a heavy one indeed. Even when the ship is entering or leaving a harbor and the navigation is given over to a pilot, the responsibility is still the captain's, and if the pilot hangs her up on a bar or a reef, the captain is called to accounting. In convoy, though there is a CO for the entire movement, each individual captain still bears his individually complete burden.

The responsibility goes even deeper; the captain bears the care of illness and injury; a broken leg or a strep throat are part of his worries. Though many ships carry a pharmacist's mate, more are without one, and medical attention comes partly out of the black book of household medicine and partly out of the master's long store of experience. On this *Gray Victory*, the purser took over the role of administering to the sick with the consultive aid of the captain.

But specifically, aside from the burden of responsibility, the captain's task is to take the ship from port to port, to navigate her, to find the shortest distance across the seas, to avoid catastrophe and to make his landfall. His pride is the pride of navigation; so it has been from the time the first ancient galley pushed away from the sight of land and struck out into the unknown. Day in and day out, he takes his sights, lays out his course, and plans the run for the next twenty-four hours. The factors are not constant; the oceans are not mirrors of glassy water, whereon a ship can go as it pleases. There are shipping lanes which cross and crisscross the world; taking currents and tides into consideration, these lanes are generally the shortest distances between points; but the lanes are subject to modification. In danger zones, the subs lie in the lanes like hungry wolves; zig-zag cuts the lanes to ribbons. Raiders haunt the lanes, and airplanes hunt over them. So new and untried roads are laid out, and day and night these new roads are shifted. Along with that, there are the normal hazards ships face, typhoons in the Pacific, the monsoon roaring up from the South Pole, fog in the Atlantic, iceberg and collision. A ship in wartime cannot always drop south to avoid the ice; it can't lie in the fog and wait for it to lift; logistics tell it to move, to bring the cargo through; if ships go down, that is to be expected.

Ella

All of these factors are a part of man's or nature's doing; but the mines which float free and aimless in the close backwash of war add an additional crazy-quilt of hazard. In an inland sea, which the war had passed by some months before, a ship struck a mine a few miles off our starboard bow; surface mines can be seen and sometimes avoided, but magnetic mines still lie on the bottom, to remind men that a war was fought there, not so long ago.

Through this, the captain must drive his baby, his darling, his rusty iron shell. Radio silence returns him to an era which passed several generations ago; he can ask no questions, appeal to no one for help. If his engines slow or break down, he is ruthlessly cast out of the convoy and given over to the mercy of the wolf pack. If an order comes crackling over the air, telling him to reverse his course, he must obey that order; his own sending sets are sealed, and may be opened to call for aid only after the tin fish has bitten at his stomach.

THE captain doesn't carry the responsibility, however, in complete loneliness; three or four deck officers serve under him, a first mate, a second, a third, and sometimes a junior third. These are solemn-faced young men, wonderfully calm, amazingly able; they divide the watches among them, but the captain is on call for any and every watch. When sights are taken, the four take them in conjunction and then collate results. Each of the four is assigned to one of the ship's boats. If the captain should die or be killed, the first mate steps into his shoes, and then the second, and so on. The relationship they maintain to each other and to the crew is smooth and pleasant, and attached to it is the fact that they are all civilians.

Very few seagoing men will admit that they love the sea; most of them have a surly suspicion and hatred of the waters upon which they work and live; but to this the captain of the *Gray Victory* was an exception. He had made his compact with the earth's waters a long, long time ago. Asked what he would do if he were young again, he replied, without hesitation, "Go to sea—there's no other life for a man." He bore a relationship to the earth's waters; it was not just green water and blue water to him—as he said once of the Mediterranean: "God made the other water for the beasts of the sea, but he made this one for the comfort and pleasure of man." Though he had sailed in and out of the Red Sea a hundred times, he never overcame his wonder and excitement as he crept through the needles of rock which make the entrance from the Gulf of Aden. He loved the weather, the smooth, glassy weather, the weather that sends the whitecaps singing over the sea's surface, the weather that raises storm and fury and waves fifty feet high. The sea had taken him gladly; he had never known seasickness, and he faced those who suffered with the calm and maddening observation that such a thing did not exist. He belittled all storm—as with most old seagoing men, the real storms were in the past, and the world of the present had become soft and effete.

He was well read, as most seamen are, but he had a superb contempt for all those who write of the sea; for Conrad, he would say a limited good word, but for no one else.

He loved cards, and it was only at cards that he became a tyrant, a character out of Jack London, a despot who would brook no opposition to his will. Bridge was his favorite game, and he created his own system of bidding, a variable system according to the wind, the weather, or the cards he held. To keep up with his system of bidding was not enough; you had to be one step ahead of it, or else the heavens fell on you. But the wrath the captain stoked up at cards cooled as quickly as it flared.

In all, the master of the gray ship was what you would have desired him to be. He was a free man who liked freedom. He had gone down at sea and sat in prison for two years; and then he stood on his own bridge again—and it is doubtful where any man can gain more than that.

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PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER . . . .

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

THE Capital is virtually teeming with fact-finding boards these days, but Sen. James O. Eastland of Mississippi has his own way of finding facts: he reads the *Daily Worker*. At least, so he told the Senate last Thursday. It was the day on which Sen. Dennis Chavez, New Mexico Democrat, in a surprise action, moved to bring up S-101, the permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee bill, which has been kicking around since last May, when a committee reported it out. Obviously Senator Eastland, who is every bit as much of a "white supremacist" as his more illustrious fellow senator, Theodore (The Man) Bilbo, was taken completely by surprise. Caught off guard and furious, he then claimed that the *Daily Worker* that very morning had had a story saying the bill was coming up that day, and added, "The galleries are full of Communists. If this bill is to be debated it should be before Americans." The galleries were just normally full, with perhaps more uniformed men than usual, but the hissing which ensued was something special.

A careful perusal of that morning's *Daily Worker* revealed no mention of any expectation that the bill was to be brought up, but a story by Claudia Jones wound up by saying: "This time —the people go to Washington to make FEPC a permanent law of the land." When Senator Chavez, then, happened to pick the day on which an FEPC delegation invaded Washington as the time to make his motion, Senator Eastland apparently thought, "This is it."

It was not as simple as all that—"the people go to Washington," and the FEPC bill comes up a few hours later for discussion—but certainly the delegation had to get quick results.

The day was full of drama. In the morning, the big caucus room of the Old House Office Building filled with several hundred purposeful Negro and white men and women. Councilman Ben Davis from New York was there. Some lads from the Bilbo picket line, newly resumed in front of the Senator's home on his return from the more tranquil atmosphere of Mississippi, were in the audience. Various members of the CIO legislative committee were on hand to accompany delegations to the White House, State Department, Democratic and Republican National Committees, and Congressmen and Senators. While the delegations were around and about —having Republican House Whip Joe Martin, who pretends to love FEPC, refuse to see them, finding President Truman too busy or something, learning on visiting Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson that "it was clear he did not know there was an anti-discrimination provision in Article 1, Section III of the United Nations Organization charter," according to Hoyt Haddock of the CIO Maritime Committee—debate on the bill itself began.

By the time the weary but militant delegates returned to report to each other in the caucus room, joined by such staunch congressional friends as Rep. Vito Marcantonio of the American Labor Party, the Senate had adjourned until the next day, with Senator Eastland winning the floor by the simple expedient of pulling it right from under the feet of Sen. James Mead of New York.

It was easy, despite Mead's angry protests that he was on his feet asking for recognition after Senator Chavez before Senator Eastland got up. It was easy because Sen. W. Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, that lion-hearted champion of free enterprise in Texas—where it is represented by the oil interests plus the Christian American Association and the equally anti-labor and pro-fascist Constitutional Educational League—was in the chair. Sen. Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee had been in the chair but had yielded it to Senator O'Daniel. Senator McKellar is old and easily upset, as his brother always points out to this reporter when he refuses to let her past the door leading to McKellar's inner office. He reiterates that it would be just too upsetting for him to have to talk to someone from NEW MASSES. By putting the notoriously anti-labor Senator O'Daniel in the chair Senator McKellar was being kind to his blood pressure and also accomplishing just what his gentle Southern sensitivity made him shrink from doing in person.

AFTER Senator Mead lost out and Senator Eastland was left to filibuster, few remained on the floor. Even Senator Bilbo, chipper with a flower in his buttonhole, working his false teeth in excitement and probably anger because Eastland was doing the filibustering alone, wandered in and out, held parleys with his pals. These two Mississippians with so much in common have had a feud on for years and have not spoken to each other. Sometime back, when the anti-poll tax bill was before

Nocturne

Nightly the soldiers of Red China keep
vigil upon my street; and when, in drill,
they start one of their battle-songs, a thrill
thunders across my soul, and I must weep.

You neighbors, huddled comfortably asleep,
whose blankets cheat the brisk Manchurian chill,
whose dreams avoid the dragon, while I kill
and perish nightly—: slumber, slumber deep!

I am not covetous, although you run
no risks. For I have borne upon my back,
over the haughty hills and savage streams,
the roots of giant cities. I am one
with men of glory, lunging to attack,
scalding the night. How could I want your dreams?

AARON KRAMER.

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the Senate, it was assumed that Bilbo would filibuster, and Sen. Alben W. Barkley, administration whip, was gentlemanly enough to postpone the matter of taking up the legislation until Bilbo got his false teeth in.

THE Southern reactionaries were of course doubly sore because the bill was on the floor. They regarded it, as Senator Eastland put it, as "a maneuver which will effectively block consideration of the anti-strike legislation." Eastland had just finished introducing his resolution to discharge the Senate Education and Labor Committee from further consideration of the anti-strike legislation (the Norton-Ellender administration-backed bill), demanding to know "who is the boss of the United States, Congress or the CIO," when Senator Chavez made his motion. But Senator Wayne B. Morse, Republican of Oregon, got in the best lick of the day against the reactionaries when he declared that he was for the FEPC bill, that it went right to the heart of the Bill of Rights, and then said: "And if it helps prevent a vote on anti-strike legislation, on legislation of this anti-labor character, then I think the Senate was very wise to proceed on it today."

Here is a sample of Senator Eastland's filibustering, delivered in his soft, ingratiating tones: "The moving spirit behind the FEPC drive is communism, directed from Moscow. . . . The foundation is being laid today in Congress which will make it possible for another Congress, at a time when the clouds of racial antagonism are thicker, brought about by these same communistic forces, to create the German system. . . ." But he was afraid someone would not find that clear enough, apparently, so he went on, with hardly a ripple in his smooth voice, as if he were announcing the time of day, "The Jew is the last person who would desire such a program, for the reason that as a class the Jews in this country are much wealthier than Gentiles. And when he supports organizations which foster bills of this nature, the Jew is sowing seeds that can destroy him in the future."

And to this crude bit of anti-Semitism the Senator, who is coming into his own now that Bilbo has been shoved into the background by his cronies, added that both the CIO and PAC were communistic. "And I want the American people to know," he said in closing —for the day only—"that the Senate galleries are filled with Communists right now."

I MEET SOME PICKETS

By JOSEPH FOSTER

Tarrytown

LOUIS MICHEAU is forty-eight, powerful and broad-shouldered, and still a match for most men half his age. He houses his family of twelve kids, his wife and himself in six small rooms. He is one man out of a local of 4,500 men, his local but one of 102 striking against General Motors. It is tucked away in one corner of New York State, one of twenty-two states in which auto workers are picketing. The auto international is one of several representing thousands of workers fighting a life struggle for a living wage. Yet Louis Micheau, who is but one of these men, is all these men. His street in Tarrytown is dominated by the silver-painted water tower of the Chevrolet plant. His kids playing in the street are never free from its shadow. His house, the street, the water tower form a pattern of industrial America for all the Tarrytowns across the face of the country.

Louis Micheau came to the town looking for work right after General Motors had opened its plant. Charles E. Wilson had picked himself a choice waterfront site and had spread his Chevrolet and Fisher Body plant along three-quarters of a mile of Hudson River. Micheau moved into the best house he could get, a squalid one on a mean street. As time went on his six rooms became smaller, as his family grew larger. Moving meant higher rent, which was out of the question.

Conditions were not always so hot, but Micheau was not too discontented. He liked to work and he liked America where men treated work with respect. During the war he just about made out, but now things were a hell of a lot different. When the union asked the big shots for a wage increase to meet the crazy prices of food and clothing, it was doing the only thing it could. When the company stalled, the men got sore. General Motors made so much dough it was oozing out of the pores. There was only one answer, and the strike was it. He felt about the strike the way all the men did; it was a personal expression of the need to fight for a life of security. It was an outlet for the personal anger of the men and women against the arrogance of the company. It made him mad, too, when he read the *merde* in the company ads: how the strike was an excuse to take over the company, and an excuse for foreigners to dictate to Americans.

Foreigners! A lot of the men in the union had been born not only in America but around Tarrytown itself. Five of his kids were born in the house he was living in. He himself knew every store, every street, every crack in the pavement, every dump and empty lot between Irvington and North Tarrytown. His kids had explored every hill and hollow along the riverside. Did Charles E. Wilson or any of his cronies know the name of a single street in Tarrytown or ever set foot in it? He doubted it.

He thought of his neighbors on the assembly line. Perrone, Wallace, Zingaro, Backwich, McKenna, Santos, Racci, Vazquez, Patterson: foreign-sounding, maybe, but as American as any names in America. And where would General Motors be without them? He thought of Joe Vazquez, a Spaniard, who came to Tarrytown by way of Argentina. Joe had the job of bringing the groceries collected by the union to all the families feeling the pinch of the strike. Joe worried about these families and knocked himself out getting the contributions. Joe was plenty American for him. He thought of Fred Gotch, or Gotchie, as he was called, youngest of the strikers, born and brought up in Tarrytown. He was doubtless also regarded as a foreigner. Gotchie always looked at the hills, at the river, and talked of the changes that had come to the town in his lifetime. He remembered the sleepy village before the factories came, and he remembered the 1934 strike before there was a union. He himself had not yet finished school, but he remembered how the papers had attacked it as a wildcat strike: that is, one that had been started

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spontaneously by men who were fed up with the speedup and the open shop conditions. He recalled how the men used to stand on the curbstone and boo the scabs as they went up the hill to take their jobs.

But today things were different, and not only Gotchie but all the men knew it. Micheau himself had never worked in the plant during the open shop days, but he saw what it was like from observing the workers of the unorganized Hercules and Campbell truck body plant, down the road. The men there worked all hours, for a measly fifty or sixty cents an hour. The men and women at strike headquarters called them "jerks" for putting up with such pay; more, they resented them because in a way they were scabbing on the living conditions of the organized workers. Micheau and his colleagues knew that if they had to go back to the old primitive conditions of work, if they lost the strike, life in America would be intolerable. That was why they were for the strike one hundred percent. That was why somebody like Whitey Lawlor, father of nine kids, living at Shrub Oak, twenty-five miles from town, thumbed a ride every day to make the picket line.

●

IRMA BRANDWEN had never been on a picket line before. In fact, before she got her first and only job with Western Union, she thought that strikes and pickets, like accidents in the papers, happened only to other people. As for the union, she and her friends used to wonder what they were getting out of it. For her, the union had always been a face behind a cashier's window where she paid her dues and got her little paper receipts. When she first went to work for the WU during the war, they stuck her into the union, and talked to her about "closed shop" and other things that she didn't understand. But nobody else seemed to complain, so she didn't kick either. Once in a while she'd hear somebody say it was a racket, but most of the people agreed that if it weren't for the ACA, their pay checks would be a hell of a lot smaller. In those days, four years ago, she didn't know a pie card from a Klein's markdown. But now she was twenty-one and a lot wiser. Besides, you learned fast on the picket line.

She remembered her first day out. She felt a little strange marching around in front of the building, shouting slogans, with people watching. She was a little ashamed now because she didn't want to carry a sign those first days. One morning when a scab came out of the building she heard herself shouting at the rat, full of indignation and contempt. After that she was not embarrased any more. She looked at all the cops lined up in front of the building, stamping about to keep their feet warm. Across the street was a green booth, their field headquarters, the green and white pennant with the word "Police" on it whipping around in the wind like a battle flag. Her friend Mary Schwenle had a brother on the Force. He always used to say that strikes were started by agitators and foreigners and troublemakers. She remembered how she was overawed by his gun, his billy, his whistle, the keys and all the impressive things he used to wear around his belt. He was power and authority, and his word was unquestioned. She wondered if all the cops out there thought that she was a foreigner and a troublemaker.

THE picket line made you see things differently. Every day she had gone in and out of 60 Hudson Street without giving it a second thought. Now it was the stronghold of the company, and the simple act of entering or leaving became a matter of vital importance to the pickets. But the power and authority belonged to the union. She felt that the line, five hundred to a thousand strong, marching twenty-four hours a day, was stronger than the company, than the dirty red brick building they were picketing, and all the cops in New York City. She couldn't explain it, it was something she just felt. It had something to do with the sound truck, and the picket captains, and the songs they sang like "Union Made" and "A Dollar isn't a Dollar Anymore." All the everyday things seemed more important. Even the old popular tunes that she used to dance to sounded different coming over the truck loudspeaker.

And take old Mrs. Rakosczi. Irma used to pass her in the halls, where she would be working with the other charwomen, and never give her a tumble. Nobody ever thought that charwomen were people; they were just characters that seemed to be around at night doing the dirty work when regular people were going home. The other day Mrs. Rakosczi marched around for five solid hours, and Irma realized she would be there yet if the picket captain hadn't insisted that she take a rest. Irma walked her back to strike headquarters and learned that she was sixty years old, working for eighteen-fifty a week.

Even places like the strike headquarters looked different. In the old days she wouldn't have been found dead in such a place. Three steep flights of wooden steps in a building that must have been condemned in the days of General Grant: but now it was one of the most beautiful rooms she new, full of noise and talk and people. She had never met anybody like the motherly Josephine Timms, round-faced and smiling, feeding the people, discussing strike strategy, settling personal problems, giving advice to men and women much older than herself. And a big shot executive of the union, at that. Union officers used to be names on a piece of stationery, but now she really knew what they were like.

She discovered that everybody shared her feelings. Yesterday, in front of her on the picket line were three generations of one family—the old man, who ran an elevator, his daughter, an operator, and his granddaughter, a seventeen-year-old kid, who was an inside messenger in the traffic department. Each outdid the other in singing and shouting contemptuously at the scabs. At those moments she felt closer to them than she did to some of her relatives. She felt that way about the whole line, and when she read the papers about the other strikes, she understood what it was all about.

Yes, sir, the picket line was certainly an eye-opener. Soldiers had always been somebody to date up, and wisecrack around with, but she got a different kind of an earful from two of them marching behind her. One of them had three battle stars, and more color on his chest than in a painter's sample book. He was from the Ninth Air Force, and his friend, called Louis, had been in the Normandy invasion as part of the 22nd infantry regiment. They were talking about what dumb bunnies they had been when they swallowed all that malarkey about how the unions were selling the GI's down the river. They could see now how the big brass of business had been out to bust the unions even before the shooting was over. It was a lucky thing it hadn't worked, they said.

Before the strike Irma had had no particular sentiments about the company. She did her work and they paid her off. If she heard complaints she concluded somebody had a special gripe. Nothing much interested her except her dates, and the adventures of her friends. Now her friends are thousands strong, and their adventures are the basic problems of bread and butter. She

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On the ACA Front with Don Freeman.

is no longer indifferent about the company. She is sore at the way it is behaving; she thinks if anybody deserves the title of troublemaker it is Western Union. She cannot understand why the company lets the workers get wise to what goes. She believes that if she were a big official she would settle a strike fast, before the employes found out about things. She used to think, when she thought about it at all, that a worker had as much right not to strike as to strike. It was a free country, and nobody should tell a man what he could or couldn't do.

Now she thinks a scab is the lowest crawling form of animal life.

Toward a New Crash?

(*Continued from page 5*)

Politics of the Academy of Sciences at the beginning of January 1945, a summary of which was published in the second and third issues of the Institute's journal.

IT BEGINS with a resume of Varga's paper. The first speaker in the discussion, which the report speaks of as "animated," was Academician I. Trachtenberg. "To me it appears," said Trachtenberg, "that Varga in his analysis of postwar perspectives limited himself to a one-sided posing of the question. In his analysis Varga started from the assumption that the capitalist world will emerge from the war approximately the same as it was before the war, that the war has not introduced any outstanding changes in world economy." After referring to "those changes introduced into world economy by the present war" and that "after the war Germany will fall out of world economy as a strong economic power," he dealt with international collaboration ("Whatever the form and scale of this collaboration, it cannot fail to express itself in postwar economic development") and the "immense" significance of the USSR in world economy and world politics.

"In such fashion," concluded Trachtenberg, "I do not deny in principle the formulation of the question which Varga has presented to us. But I consider that it should have been supplemented by others. This would have led to a more correct understanding of possible postwar economic perspectives."

Later speakers in the discussion seem to have taken up this question of what difference wartime changes would introduce; and most speakers concentrated on the degree of state capitalist elements that there would be and their effects, especially in the United States and Britain.

One speaker, Kaplan, pointed out that, while a retreat from "state intervention in the economy" was noticeable at present, this retreat "will take place only up to the first crisis." "Once an economic crisis has broken out, any government in the United States cannot fail to undertake extraordinary measures for reducing unemployment and thereby damping down the crisis. The scale of state expenditure in the struggle with the crisis will many times exceed corresponding expenditure in the past."

Another speaker (Gorfinkel) stressed an important difference between the effect of state intervention in war and in peace: in the latter "the state cannot become a buyer without limit of all absolutely surplus goods, since . . . commodity stocks in the hands of the state do not cease to influence the market, i.e., the level of prices. Still more dangerous from the standpoint of private capitalist entrepreneurs is a state economic policy directed towards an extension of state entrepreneurship."

Varga, in his reply, did not refer specifically to "state capitalism" or state intervention internally in each country. But he concluded by saying that "in the ravaged countries of continental Europe, the danger of inflation in my opinion is so serious as to cause doubt whether sufficiently effective measures can be taken by the United Nations for protecting the stability of monetary rates of exchange and stimulating export of capital, although there is no doubt that these measures will in very significant degree assist the growth of international commodity exchange and the restoration of European economy."

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CAPTION on a newspaper photo: "MEMBERS OF THE POLICE FORCE LET GO WITH TEAR GAS BOMBS AT A MASS PICKET LINE IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES MOTORS PLANT."

Caption on another newspaper photo: "HELMETED AND GAS-MASKED POLICEMEN ARRESTING A PICKET."

Caption on a third photo: "POLICE FLYING WEDGE GOES THROUGH PACKING WORKERS' LINES AT SWIFT & CO.'S PLANT IN KANSAS CITY, KAN."

Are these only the first samples of postwar strike-breaking violence? Up till now the companies and the police have been cautious, feeling their way. But in Los Angeles, where cops used clubs and tear gas against striking electrical workers, injuring more than a score and arresting twenty-eight, in Kansas City, where police smashed through picket lines, in Chicago, where they arrested striking packing workers, they began throwing caution to the winds.

Is this just a beginning? And is the Steel Trust giving the signal to "let them have it"? America hasn't forgotten that the gentlemen of Steel, who today give NO for an answer to the demands of 750,000 workers for a living wage, have blood on their hands. It is not so many years—1937, to be exact—since Republic Steel, which last week announced that it stands solidly with US Steel, murdered ten striking workers in the Chicago Memorial Day massacre. It is not so many years since the auto magnates and employers in other industries habitually used guns, tear gas, clubs, brass knuckles —either their own or government's—as well as espionage to break unionism and terrorize workers into submission.

Many people thought those days were past, but are they?

We'd better do something about it before the sparks at Los Angeles, Kansas City and Chicago ignite the flames of nationwide violence against men and women who are fighting the battle for purchasing power. In this battle not only they, but our farmers, veterans, small business men and professional people have a tremendous stake.

We call on President Truman and Attorney General Tom Clark to take action at once to see to it that the civil liberties of strikers are protected. Write to the President and the Attorney General and to your governor and mayor. Insist that a stop be put to any big business attempt to convert America into a bloody battlefield.

We also suggest to such organizations as the National Citizens' Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions that it might be a good idea to set up people's fact-finding boards and send them into the strike areas. They could investigate violence, conduct hearings on the strike issues, and go into workers' homes to find out what the American standard of living means for the wage-slaves of Big Steel, Big Auto, Big Packing, etc.

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READERS' FORUM

Greetings from the S. U.

Moscow, via RCA.
NLT JOSEPH NORTH, 104 E. 9 ST.
NEW MASSES, NEW YORK

BEST WISHES FOR NEW YEAR. HOPE THAT IT WILL BE A YEAR OF BETTER AND MORE EXTENSIVE CONTACT BETWEEN WRITERS OF OUR TWO COUNTRIES. WARMEST GREETINGS.

MIKHAIL APLETIN.
Foreign Commission of
Union of Soviet Writers
12 Kuznetsky Most.

Two Wolves

TO NEW MASSES: Probably on no other aspect of our problems has there been so much confusion as on the position of women, and confusion not always limited to the less advanced thinkers in the nation or in the South.

Clark Foreman, chairman of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, an Atlantan by birth, has touched ably on this topic of women's position. He said, "Our treatment of women in the South has been affected by our treatment of Negroes. We speak of 'chivalry'—a magnolia-scented ideal. But in no part of the country are women less thought of and less well treated."

Many Southern women complain, said Mr. Foreman, that they are not treated as human beings, but are treated as a particular group for a particular reason, and he showed how Hitlerism had made use of the ease with which a callous attitude toward any one group can be transferred to another.

In other words, race chauvinism and male chauvinism are two wolves crowding into the one hiding place.

Last year another beam of light was turned on this issue by another Southerner, Ralph McGill, in "A New Chapter About the Atomic Bomb," an *Atlanta Constitution* editorial, August 10. He used these words to describe the Klan and Gerald L. K. Smith: "They exist in the business of trimming suckers, by frightening them about minorities in a country made up of minorities. They employ anti-Jewish talk to frighten some. Before others they parade the 'scare' that somehow the Pope of Rome is going to get them if they don't watch out. For the lesser mentalities they use the scare of the Negro, saying that if he doesn't watch out some 'n———' will want to marry him—three baits for suckers. . . ."

That phrase, "to marry *him*," quietly exposes the roots of the Big Lie which has oozed confusion so long and bitterly. It shows why the Recy Taylor case is going to be harder to win than even the Scottsboro case—and even more important. For poll tax reaction, in calling up its pet bogey (Do you want your daughter to marry a Negro?) has never once these hundred years called the bogey by its real name (Do you want to be sued by a Negro girl for breach of promise or assault?)

It must not be overlooked that the idea of mixed marriages honestly scares some people, Negro as well as white, who see all the legal and other obstacles to a normal life which can be placed around such unions.

Some liberal white people have actually taken fright at the fancied "compelling" of a woman to marry an individual not of her choice. Frightened to the point of forgetting that, even if she feels obliged to marry, to legitimatize her offspring, *there is no law either legal or social controlling a white woman's choice of whom she will marry.* The only existing compulsion, you see, is the prevention of a woman *from* marrying a man who has forced or persuaded her to accept him in the role of a lover. The Negro woman suffers more from this rule than the white. But all women are unprotected from seduction, through their economic instability.

Even the multiple-chauvinists cannot deny that there are and always have been many Negro mothers of pale-face children. Even Bilbo would hardly allege that storks have brought them. Yet the "strong" sex has left the "weak" sex to bring them up.

Many years ago, in Alaska, women raised a concerted outcry because their rights as mothers were shamefully overlooked. Men from the United States, going up mostly to prospect for gold, would induce Alaskan women to live with them on promise of marriage. Then the man would go back to the States, and leave the woman to bring up a baby, unnamed and unprovided for. These were the "Siwash" babies, wanted by nobody.

Protection finally came, in the form of the "Squaw Man" law, which originated in Canada and was copied by Alaska. By it, women gained the right to testify before the law against a violator, and be granted either marriage or a financial arrangement for the child. I understand that though the law has teeth, and is applied in the case of Alaskan, Indian, and Siwash women, it doesn't apply to Negro women in Alaska, who are a minority.

Such a law, framed to apply to all women, in all the United States and US possessions, could be the basis for many a firm answer to the bogey question.

ELIZABETH COUSINS ROGERS.
New Orleans.

The Last Act

TO NEW MASSES: Fascism, as against civilization, is a stage upon which circulate the rotting elements of humanity against a pitch black background. There are three acts: Demagogy, Degeneracy and Disaster. The world as the audience is witnessing the last act and what may be the last scene: The Atomic Rats.

Noticeable is the reaction of a large section of the spectators. They are indignant. They are optimistic and believe in the salvation of mankind through man. But what of the other spectators? They are helping to dig their own graves. They are the imperialist lackeys, the fascist "leftovers," the pseudo-liberals and an assortment of anti-Communists the world over. (The American filth-column press—ninety-five percent of the American press—is to be congratulated for blinding many of these sections.)

Against these people must be directed the progressive movement of workers, farmers and intellectuals to remove the stigma of world fatalism and world suicide.

Your magazine is a magnificent contribution to that cause.

D. T. P.
Chicago.

Punishment Wanted

TO NEW MASSES: The article "No Red Apple for This Teacher" by Seymour Applebaum in the January 1 issue had a note by the editors: "Mrs. Laubenheimer was finally 'punished.' She was transferred from a school in Brooklyn to a school in Manhattan." As much as to say that the story ends here!

Would it be possible to get in touch with progressive organizations in the area around the school to which she was transferred and find some children as alert as Seymour Applebaum, warn them and keep track of Mrs. Laubenheimer?

FAITH RICH.
Chicago.

From Down Under

TO NEW MASSES: I enjoy NM tremendously and practically live from one issue to the next, so you can imagine how frustrating any delay is.

We in Australia are trying to develop an Australian NM in a Sydney weekly called *Progress*—the journal of the Arts and Sciences Committee of the Communist Party of Australia. We also have a more thoroughly literary publication—*Australian New Writing*—which publishes creative writing of the realist kind.

Best wishes to your paper.

DEIRDRE J. CABLE.
Melbourne, Australia.

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TOP-HAT REBELLION

By THE EDITORS

WHEN Ben Fairless, of United States Steel, turned thumbs down on the President's compromise offer (which the steel workers accepted), the 800,000 employees in the steel empire had no alternative but to strike. And so today the nation, through no fault of labor's, is in the midst of what bids to become the greatest strike wave in America's history. It has become painfully clear to anybody with open eyes that the moguls of big business have decided on a knock-down, drag-out fight to destroy trade unionism in the country. As Philip Murray said, "The net effect of the decision of the steel industry constitutes to my mind a rebellion, if not a revolution, of big business against the people of the United States. . . ." Big business is on strike against America.

We urge our readers to cut out that section of Mr. Murray's statement and show it to any of their friends who retain any doubts about this grave issue: "American industry," the CIO leader said, "fattened with war profits, guaranteed a high level of profits, through special tax rebates under laws written at their behest, have deliberately set out to provoke strikes and economic chaos and hijack the American people through uncontrolled profits and inflation."

We know that the vast majority of our readers are cognizant of the issues, but we know too that the press and radio—willing menials of the moneyed interests — are daily showering the American people with lies and obfuscations. Since this is so NM will endeavor, in each issue, to answer whatever questions the press or the employers raise in their campaign to bamboozle the public to their side.

A reader asked one of our editors for the answer to the following question he had read in his local newspaper:

Question: Since there's only three cents' difference between the President's offer and US Steel's, why didn't the union accept the fifteen cents and avoid the strike?

Answer: The union originally asked for a twenty-five cents an hour raise. This would have brought take-home pay back to an approximation of wartime categories. The Heller Committee for Research and Social Economics, which for two decades has carefully estimated the cost of living of a family of four, figured that $59.15 a week was a minimum "health and decency" budget in March 1945. CIO experts, adjusting this estimate to changes that have occurred by January 1946, brought the figure to $57.97 a week.

Now, even using Mr. Fairless' own figures (greatly at variance with the fact-finding commission and the CIO) the fifteen-cent raise he offered would bring the steel workers' wage to *$51.60* a week. This is over six dollars *less* per week than a minimal standard of "health and decency." An idea of what the Heller committee considered "decent" is afforded by their following estimates: $18.81 a week for food; thirty-four dollars a month for rent; about a dollar a week for recreation, or a trip to movies twice a month. And about zero for books, education, vacations, etc. Despite this slim margin of a fair life, the unions agreed, in the general interest, to accept the President's compromise of an 18½-cent-an-hour raise, which still leaves wages under the Heller budget figures. And yet the company refused. Compare these figures with what you spend, and you have the answer.

Question: I know the companies can pay. I have no illusions about that. But this bothers me: after all, won't a raise in pay bring about inflation?

Answer: The principal peril before America today is deflation, not inflation. Truth is that $20,000,000,000 a year in purchasing power has vanished from the nation's payroll since V-E day. If take-home pay were brought back to somewhere near wartime levels—and if real price control were maintained by the administration, inflation would be a minimal danger. We refer our readers to the study made by Philip Murray which proved that steel, even without a change in price, but merely by the industry's saving on excess profit taxes and elimination of overtime rates, has enough to pay the twenty-five cent raise. (See NM, December 4, "Your Stake in the Auto Strike.")

HOGGISH business interests want even greater dividends than the fantastically high coupons clipped during the war years; hence the wolfish clamor to destroy the Office of Price Administration altogether. Remember that US Steel refused even to bargain collectively unless the OPA permitted raises in the price of steel. The Fairless crowd wanted seven dollars more per ton; the administration was ready to yield four dollars more per ton. This would have netted the corporations about $250,000,000 more annually. The 18½-cent raise per hour would have cost about $185,000,000 a year. Even with this dangerous concession to inflation, the steel corporations refused to budge.

Space does not permit the reply to more questions, this week. We shall continue in the next issue. Meanwhile we advise our readers to ponder this fact: the decisive sector of big business is clearly operating as a monolithic body

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today to win its criminal ends. If successful, the entire nation loses and we are hell-bent for economic catastrophe. Only the maximum unity of labor, plus its middle-class allies, can prevent that debacle. Unstinted, unified action—assumption of the offensive—can cage the money-hungry beasts of monopoly now on the rampage throughout our land.

NM SPOTLIGHT

UNO: Chapter I

THE first sessions of the United Nations Organization reveal, as did the meetings in San Francisco, the whole complex of issues facing the postwar world. We have again the struggle for the principles of collective security as against those, even if they are members of the UNO, who would pervert those principles by making the UNO another replica of the defunct League of Nations. Anti-Sovietism (with Iran pulling the switches this time) is far from erased and so long as it continues, the whole peace machinery is in constant jeopardy. For one, the effort to make the USSR the black sheep in international relations undermines Big Three unity without which the UNO becomes a hollow shell. For another, other devices are employed—power blocs, Western federations, atomic diplomacy and its armaments-race concommitant—devices calculated to make the peace a lull between wars.

It would be foolhardy to expect that while the world is largely imperialist, with all that that means in terms of economic lust and colonial domains, the UNO will magically eliminate the capitalist plunge toward new conflicts. War is as indigenous to capitalism's existence as oxygen is indispensable to the life of man. But the UNO can serve as a brake on the coupon-clipping powers, arrest their eagerness to convert blood into profits. It can be the dam holding back the flood while the working men and women of the world gain strength to make those fundamental changes that will bring socialism and with it the age of brotherhood and the good life.

Not too much in the way of formal settlement of issues will be accomplished at this current UNO session. Obviously the stage is being set for the moment when several outstanding problems will be brought to the fore. Nor can all problems properly fall within the UNO's jurisdiction. The peace settlement itself is out of its province, yet whatever is decided here will indubitably affect the work of the UNO. In other words the UNO is only one facet in the larger picture of ordering the world's affairs, with the shape of every facet deciding the shape of the one next to it.

It is obvious that the very critical trusteeship issue cannot be too long delayed and will probably emerge soon as one of the key debates. The language on trusteeship in the UNO's charter is not the clearest. There will undoubtedly be battles as to the meaning of this or that sentence. In fact, many a delegate from the mandate-holding countries will hide behind ambiguous phrases. Mr. Bevin, the British foreign secretary, has already offered to place the African territories of Tanganyika, the Cameroons and Togoland (an area of approximately 400,000 square miles with a population of 6,500,000) under UNO supervision. Yet a close reading of Bevin's offer makes it apparent that there are many strings attached, notably his insistence that all negotiations on the territories be finally acceptable to London before it will relinquish them to trusteeship administration. Bevin is, therefore, hedging, just as on the paramount question of Palestine he is engaged in another great hedging game by waiting on the conclusions to be reached by the Anglo-American Inquiry Commission before submitting the matter to the UNO.

President Truman's remarks at his press conference on the disposition of Pacific islands is none too clear although it would seem that he is inclined to make some of them "strategic areas" with the United States as sole trustee. As against the outright annexationists engaged in a real estate boom, Mr. Truman's attitude is more veiled. But the question still remains as to what would be the purpose of establishing such "strategic areas"—a question that cannot be divorced from Washington's intention of creating a navy second to none as well as a huge standing army. If the answer is American security in the Pacific, then this at the core is a collective task requiring the participation of all those powers concerned with keeping war out of the Far East. Presumably such strategic bases under sole American supervision would be directed against Japan if it should become aggressive again. But Japan is supposed to be demilitarized, stripped of its empire resources, and made financially incapable of waging war. Why then does the United States need what amounts to dominant control of the Pacific? Against China, against the USSR? Why is the United States attempting to establish military bases in Greenland and Iceland?

The issue of strategic areas in the Pacific, as elsewhere, is part and parcel of American foreign policy. It cannot be considered apart from American imperialist objectives, and anything short of real and unqualified collective arrangements merely helps those who wield the big stick to wield it eventually against our allies.

Vindication

BARELY a decade separates the Reichstag fire trial from the Nuremberg proceedings. Goering, the chief criminal now at Nuremberg, acted then as the chief prosecutor. It was a different world with a different relationship of forces plunging headlong into the catastrophe of the second world war when the accused, Dimitroff, transformed his defense into a scathing charge against Goering, the Nazis and the entire fascist state of Germany. Time has fully vindicated Dimitroff. The horrible record of wanton pillage, mass torture and fiendish murder of tens of millions now unfolding at the trials of the Nazi monsters testify to Dimitroff's correct appraisals of the foul purposes of German fascism. In Goering's burning of the Reichstag he foresaw the entire plan of murder, rapine and plunder of the years to come because he understood the class essence of fascism and its historic

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purpose. His defense was both an indictment and a warning to humanity. It was the prologue to the present United Nations indictment.

While Dimitroff's courageous defense and counter-charges against Goering electrified the world and finally ended in his acquittal, many were sceptical of his charges of arson against the respectable heads of the German state. Now the truth is out in the testimony at Nuremberg. Goering has admitted that the charge against Dimitroff was a frame-up. Goering's agents, however, have testified that van der Lubbe was a hired tool of the Stormtroopers who set fire to the main auditorium while other trained SS incendiaries fired the rest of the building. But the burning of the Reichstag was a small crime compared to the burning of the European continent, just as the preliminary pogroms in Berlin were small compared to the murder of 6,000,000 Jews. Dimitroff's service lay in identifying the true nature of the monster while it was still garbed in respectable diplomatic and bankers' attire. From him we learned that fascism was not an accidental mental derangement but the inevitable fruit of capitalist imperialism in its last stages of decay and corruption. Today German bankers and industrialists (though all too few) sit with Goering in the criminal dock while Dimitroff holds an honored post in the government of Bulgaria, where a new type of democracy is being forged by his people.

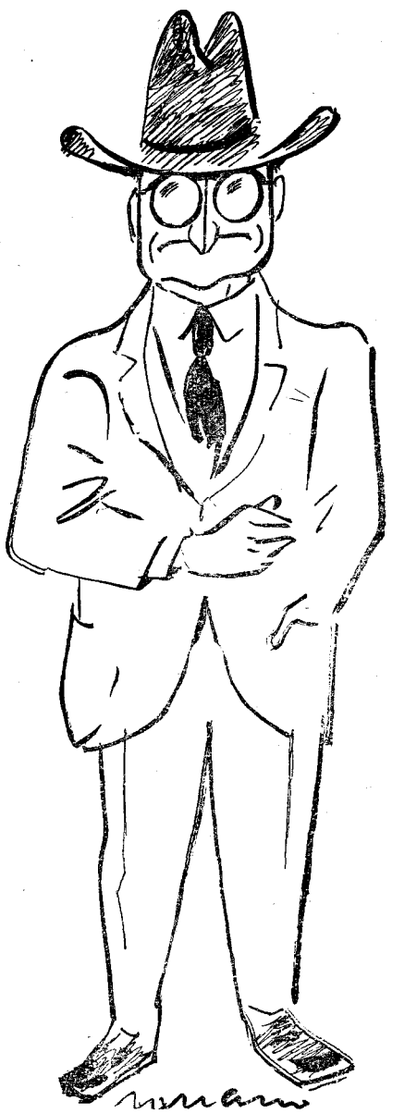
Maneuvers and Finagles

ONE of the Truman administration's bright ideas for undermining the authority and effectiveness of the Security Council has been to set up a firmly welded inter-American bloc armed with all the military power necessary to prevent the United Nations from exercising jurisdiction within the Western Hemisphere. The latest proposal in the scheme was put forward last fall by the Uruguyan Foreign Minister, who called for a new inter-American doctrine which would sanction intervention for the protection of human rights. Secretary of State Byrnes rushed so quickly into the scene with an enthusiastic endorsement that it left no doubt in anyone's mind that the proposal had originated in his office. He even forgot to notify the Senators on Capitol Hill.

In view of the fact that the inter-American system is already amply provided with authority to intervene against a potential aggressor (via the system of economic, political and military sanctions authorized at Chapultepec) and has never employed it, it was impossible to accept this new proposal at face value. The North American government must have had something else than human rights in mind. Furthermore, did not the United Nations at San Francisco empower the Security Council to maintain peace and security throughout the world and to take action against an aggressor or potential aggressor? Therefore why, unless for some hidden reason, should a parallel system be set up within the American bloc?

The reasons for this attempt have become clear. The Truman administration is seeking ways in which to isolate its special sphere of influence, the Americas, from the world security system. It wishes no interference with its imperialist plans. It maneuvers, moreover, to tighten its grip on the South American republics so as to manipulate their votes in the UNO.

Fortunately this latest scheme has gone awry. The Latin American states will have none of it. Messrs. Truman, Byrnes and Braden will have to think up another more cleverly disguised diplomatic gadget.



Dogs and Hearst

IT WAS facetiously suggested that the current campaign which stems from the Hearst press against vivisection is being waged because Hearst is a dog. But whatever member of the animal kingdom might provide the appropriate epithet, the campaign is no laughing matter. It seems fantastic that in the year 1946 wide support can be found for a bill to outlaw vivisection, which has saved more than a million lives through the development of insulin alone, and which has been the key to advance in curbing rickets, pneumonia, anemia, rabies, hookworm, pellagra and other human ailments. But only a year ago such a bill made enough headway in the Albany legislature that it took a sharp and vigorous campaign to defeat it. The forces of reaction with the help of tear-jerker spreads in the Hearst press —one of which even managed to drag in an anti-Soviet angle—have again built the incredibly anti-human drive against vivisection to dangerous proportions, and there is a serious threat that sufficient pressure from ignorant people may actually push through such bills. The friend of Alfred Rosenberg has many dangerous aces up his sleeve that he will try to slip on the table when the players aren't looking, and this is one. No one should think for a minute that the possibility of such proposals being written into law even in the advanced state of New York are remote.

The New York Academy of Medicine, with support from the Medical Society of the State of New York, is organizing the "Friends of Medical Research" to promote an educational campaign on the use of vivisection in saving human life as a counter to the unprincipled Hearst campaign. The effort deserves the support and emulation of all progressives everywhere.

Closed by the Public

THE publishers in announcing the demise of *Common Sense* refer to increasing costs and small circulation. But the anti-Soviet virus with which the magazine became so thoroughly infected was doubtless the principal cause of its death. The final issue, for January of this year, ran on its correspondence page a number of letters protesting the anti-

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Soviet propaganda. If *Common Sense* saw fit to reproduce several, one can well imagine the much larger number which reached the wastepaper basket.

The publishers' letter announcing the end of this pseudo-liberal effort in journalism quaintly thanks subscribers for "your loyalty to *Common Sense* and your tolerance of our mistakes and shortcomings." NEW MASSES pleads not guilty. We have not been tolerant of this contemporary's shameful sabotage of our Soviet ally and Big Three harmony. Indeed it was only in our issue of last November 13 that we carried an article by Corliss Lamont exposing *Common Sense's* betrayal of its so-called liberalism. Mr. Lamont wrote that this magazine "has become one of the leading anti-Soviet journals in the United States, a sort of special monthly supplement to the *New Leader*." The collapse of *Common Sense* is therefore good riddance. It is encouraging that a sufficient public could not be found to keep this Soviet-slandering journal in business.

Notes on the Free Press

TOLERANCE and fairness are supposed to be peculiarly liberal virtues. Just how thin a patina they sometimes constitute is illustrated by last week's *Nation*. The *Nation* gave Charles G. Bolte's book, *The New Veteran*, to former Sergeant Walter Bernstein for review. Bernstein was one of the outstanding men in that remarkable array of writing talent that produced *Yank* magazine. Bolte, a disabled war veteran, is chairman of the American Veterans Committee and a frequent contributor to the *Nation*. Bernstein didn't like Bolte's book and said why in his review.

The editors of the *Nation* were, as they say, presented "with a special problem." They decided to solve it by publishing Mr. Bernstein's review together with a reply by another former *Yank* writer, Merle Miller, who is a member of the American Veterans Committee. In this they were within their rights—though offhand we can't recall that the *Nation* ever felt it necessary to reply to the venomous anti-Soviet reviews it has published by Trotskyites and other professional Sovietphobes.

In its introductory note, however, the *Nation* gave as its reason for publishing the reply, not that it disagreed with Bernstein's ideas, which would have been valid, but that his "review was less a report on Mr. Bolte's book than a direct political attack on a veterans' organization." Unfortunately for the

B. Golden

Nation, any reader can verify for himself that three-quarters of Bernstein's review is a report on the book. But more serious are certain insinuations in Miller's reply. For example: "Mr. Bernstein's attitude toward the Legion so exactly reflects that of the Communists that one is led to question his entire handling of Bolte's book." This statement, incidentally, comes immediately after an attack on the American Legion national officers on the ground that they "are still fencing with the Bolshevists." To us it seems that anybody who Red-baits, however politely, is much closer ideologically to the reactionary Legion leadership than a person like Walter Bernstein who isn't afraid to take a stand because it happens to coincide with that of the Communists. Here's the real question before the veterans: is the stand right or wrong, irrespective of who supports it?

There is a sequel to this, or, rather, a related episode. Bernstein was among those scheduled to participate in a discussion of Bolte's book on a weekly radio program called "Author Meets the Critics." His review had not yet appeared, but someone at the *Nation* informed the publishers, Reynal and Hitchcock, that it was unfavorable. The publishers turned the heat on the program's sponsor and Bernstein was dropped. All of which provides interesting material in the folkways of the free press.

Dreiser and His America

(*Continued from page 9*)

lationship to his uncle has enabled him to meet the country club set and chose the girl he hopes to marry. When Roberta becomes pregnant, therefore, he is incapable or reaching any sort of decision. He cannot make the vulgar decision to throw her off; nor, seeing his dream of social advancement through marriage fall through, can he bring himself to marry her. He is caught in that hopeless contradiction between respectability and virtue which is our worst American inheritance. Incapable of the firmness to do right by the girl or himself, as he conceives it, he grows hysterical. He takes Roberta boating, and by one of those accidents which are clearly planned by the unconscious, he knocks her out of the boat so that she drowns. And his spurious ambitions crash in his conviction for murder. The attrition of the ruthlessness of the Cowperwoods and the sister Carries has left only its demoralization of the steadfastness and sincerity of Jennie Gerhardt's proletarian character.

Dreiser's novels are the most accurate account in our literature of life as it was actually lived during the period of capitalist expansion and its apparent stabilization in monopoly. And since his understanding of American life was thus accurate, he was able the more soundly and profoundly to fathom its baffling effect upon the American character. He was aware of the good effect of capitalism. He recognized the value of self-reliance and initiative. But at the same time he was troubled by the limited conception of these virtues. He saw that they had never been properly adjusted to those demands for love and cooperation which are certainly of greater ethical import. Recoiling from the spurious conceptions of virtue in our tradition to which the better placed in life seemed especially addicted, he found, beneath the commonplaceness and uncouthness they found in the working class, the survival there of a more admirable ethical code. Not since Hawthorne and Melville, not in Twain or James or Howells, have we had a novelist more concerned with moral problems. Working virtually alone against a rising tide of cynicism from which there was to be no escape until the thirties, he not only restored to our novel this sense of the moral dignity of man; he was in the end less baffled by its definition. He saw that it demanded more than material success, more than that slavery to respectability into which our conception of virtue had sunk. He saw that it must become free from hypocrisy by being grounded in the facts of daily life. It must recover those simple virtues of personal conduct which democracy had once stimulated but which appeared to survive at present only under the harsh conditions in which the working class lived. He would have a nation in which the Jennie Gerhardts no longer suffer and the Griffiths are no longer bred.

The preceding is an excerpt from a forthcoming book by Professor Burgum, "The Novel Between Two Wars," to be published by The Oxford Press.

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KLINGENDER ON MODERN ART

"Marxism and Modern Art," reviewed by Louis Harap

THE author of this essay, a recognized English art critic and author of a number of competent works in art criticism and economics, discusses realism in art from the Marxist standpoint.* First published in England several years ago, the booklet is a provocative contribution to the growing Marxist literature on the subject.

Opening with an analysis of Roger Fry's extremely formalistic and removed theories, which have dominated recent British art opinion, Klingender reveals not only the sterility in Fry's theories, but their falsity, since it is a fact that art is often "followed by responsive action." He points out that like Fry, Tennyson had tried to retreat into "a Palace of Art," but was uneasy there. Fry accepted the resulting isolation, while Tennyson could see renunciation of art as the only alternative to it. Both men were reacting against the hostility of capitalism to art, but Fry's art-for-art's-sake theory was an advance over the Victorian "degradation of art" because the former at least allowed the artist to retain his integrity.

As a counterpoise Klingender offers Chernyshevsky's realism, which is an application of Feuerbach's philosophy to esthetics. Chernyshevsky believes that art attempts "to reproduce everything that interests man in life" within the setting of the artist's opinions. Beauty in art Chernyshevsky regards as the perfect adaptation of idea to image, thus expressing the particular so that it "attains general significance." Klingender tries to correct this theory by applying the Marxist criticism of Feuerbach, and adds that art also has its effect on life and interacts with it.

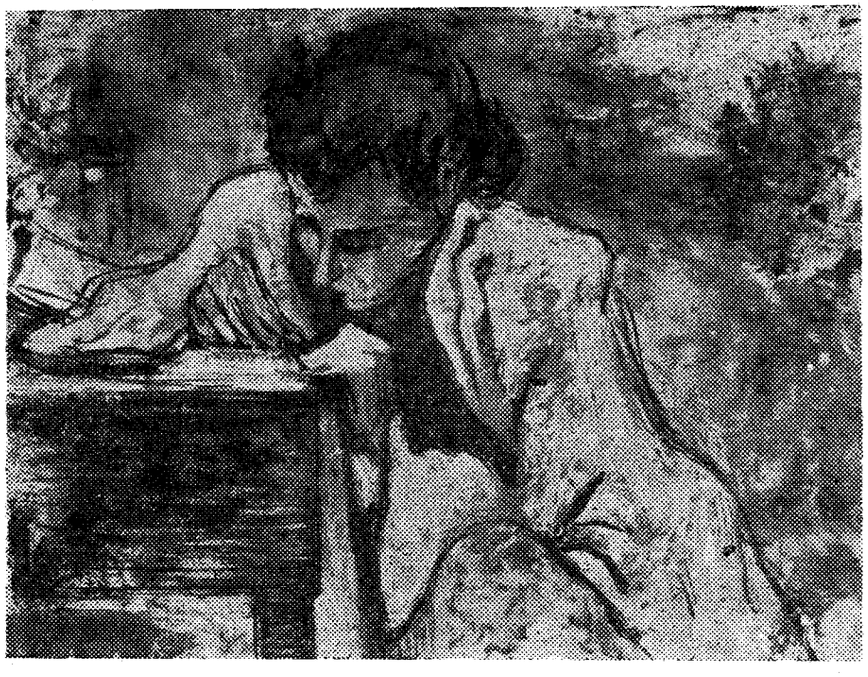
In his discussion of the permanent criteria of value in art, Klingender refutes the relativism of Taine and Plekhanov, who maintained that art criticism can be no more than a *description* of a work within the framework of its period and hence that art cannot be evaluated at all. Basing his discussion on ideas drawn from Marx, Engels and Lenin, Klingender affirms that not only can art be evaluated, but that the stature of art is measurable by its approach to an absolutely "true" rendering of social conflict in the lives of its characters. Like a number of Soviet writers on the subject Klingender tries to apply Lenin's theory of scientific truth to art, believing that it "provides an objective, unconditional and absolute standard for the evaluation of art."

The realistic content of art, says Klingender, "leaves the artist free to express his vision of reality in whatever manner he deems best." Form and style are not realistic as such, but are capable of conveying realistic content. The real can be expressed by caricature or fantastic symbolism, as well as by naturalism. A work of art is "true" in the degree to which it contains "the specific weight" of objective reality. But in addition to this "absolute" judgment of truth, an art work can be judged "relatively"—that is, within the limited standards of its own time.

This theory is not easy and bristles with controversial points upon which Marxists are far from agreement. I would like to touch briefly upon Klingender's view that some works of art can be judged "unconditionally bad." To this category Klingender would assign a work "which lulls the creative faculties, which drugs and deflects men from the struggle of life." Now "unconditional" takes in a lot of territory —in fact, all the territory there is, all time and space. In view of the multitude of functions which art serves and the variety of aspects assumed by art in different times and places to different groups of people, it is impossible to speak of "unconditional" badness. Who can anticipate the uses to which art, considered bad at one time, can be put in the future? Or vice versa, as in the case of the present controvery over the dramatic versions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin?*

Certainly our critical tools are not yet sharp enough—if, indeed, they ever will be—to justify any such judgment unto eternity. Klingender offers no examples of "unconditionally bad"

* MARXISM AND MODERN ART, *by F. D. Klingender. International. 15c.*



"Dear John," by Minna Citron. ACA Gallery.

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art, and it would be hard, if not impossible, to find one. Dogmatism lurks in such a criterion.

This essay should provoke discussion here, as it did in England. Let the words fly!

Karen Horney and Society

OUR INNER CONFLICTS, *by Karen Horney. Norton. $3.*

IN DR. HORNEY'S *The Neurotic Personality of Our Times* the main contentions were that "neuroses are brought about by cultural forces—more specifically that neuroses are generated by disturbances in human relationships," and that compulsive drives, regarded by Freud as instinctual, are in reality neurotic, born "of feelings of isolation, helplessness, fear and hostility—ways of aiming primarily not at satisfaction but at safety; their compulsive character due to the anxiety lurking behind them. Two of these drives, neurotic cravings for affection and for power, stood out in clear relief. . . ."

New Ways in Psychoanalysis, Dr. Horney's second book, clarified her differences with Freud. "If so many factors that Freud regarded as instinctual were culturally determined—if so much that Freud regarded as libidinal (instinctual) was a neurotic need for affection, provoked by anxiety and aimed at feeling safe with others, then the libido theory was no longer tenable."

These compulsive driving forces, generated by anxiety, Dr. Horney called *neurotic trends,* and in her next book, *Self Analysis,* she enumerated ten of them making for the perpetuation of what she regards as the centrally significant feature of neuroses, the *neurotic character structure.*

She was "haunted, however, by the feeling that in simple enumeration they appeared in a too isolated fashion. I could see that a neurotic need for affection, compulsive modesty and the need for a 'partner' belonged together. What I failed to see was that together they represented a basic attitude towards others and the self, and a particular philosophy of life. The trends are the nuclei of what I have now drawn together as a '*moving toward people.*' I saw too that a compulsive craving for power and prestige and neurotic ambition had something in common. That constituted roughly the factors in—'*moving against people.*'" She became increasingly impressed with the significance of these contradictory attitudes towards others, with their internalization as inner conflict and the "desperate efforts to 'solve' the conflict."

Thus in her latest book, *Our Inner Conflicts,* Dr. Horney describes her approach to what she considers a "constructive theory of neuroses." The four major attempts at solution it describes are the neurotic's efforts to (1) "eclipse part of the conflict and raise its opposite to predominance" and (2) *move away from people* (also an original part of the basic conflict—one of the original attitudes towards others); (3) move away from himself, creating an "idealized image of himself in which the conflicting parts were so transfigured that they no longer appeared as conflicts"; (4) externalize—"in which inner processes are experienced as going on outside the self."

"Thus," Horney states, "a theory of neurosis evolved whose dynamic center is a basic conflict between the attitudes of 'moving toward,' 'moving against' and 'moving away from people.'"

This is Horney's analysis of the evolution of her theory of neurosis. But one reads *Our Inner Conflicts* with a deepening sense of dissatisfaction and disaffection. There is the clinical clarity that characterized her previous books, the same attention to detail and the same appreciation of the interrelationship of neurotic trends and the road traversed by the neurotic in defeating himself and his effort to defeat those around him. There is vivid description of the disturbing *things as they are,* within the neurotic, and plausible explanations of how they get worse, ending in hopelessness and sadistic attitudes. Yet this kind of clinical study, valuable as it is, *does not constitute a theory of neurosis.*

No theory of neurosis can be complete or helpful that does not answer these questions: what started this neurotic process, what distinguishes this process from others, and what determines the distinctions? Whatever else we may say about Freud he had clearly defined theories of the origin of neuroses, of the origin of the differences between a neurotic and normal, and of the origin of differences in neuroses. We present-day analysts were forced by the very practice of our therapy to discard these theories, revolutionary and progressive as they were at that time. We are forced now, again by our practice, and Horney recognizes this necessity, to theorize; but let us have no illusions that we are introducing theory when we are merely expanding description.

The Neurotic Personality of Our Times flashed across the psychoanalytic horizon, gripped the imagination and became a dynamic force in psychoanalytic therapy because it swept away vested theories of what constitutes human nature and insisted upon a presentation of the neurotic human *as we see him now in practice, in operation with and a product of this human society. Our Inner Conflicts,* on the other hand, although it extends in a limited way our further understanding of the development of some neurotic character traits and attitudes, deadens the imagination and seriously restricts the field of operations. It constitutes no theoretic advance.

WHAT has been lost in the last ten years?

The very approach that gave Dr. Horney's original contribution its instant and spectacular mass appeal, her emphasis on cultural influences, has with the years receded. Her "neurotic personality structure" now seems to move in a concentric circle having no relationship to current social forces. That personality once formed has a momentum of its own, contributing to its own downfall, is of course true. Yet nowhere does Dr. Horney indicate that the perpetuation of the neurotic process is in any way related to the continued perpetuation of *current social contradictions* in which the neurotic person moves. Dr. Horney mentions casually that "life cures," but what has happened to her early intimations that it is life too that kills? She treats the neurotic structure as living matter, having a movement of its own, a determining effect, but as if such a movement were taking place in a vacuum, not in the midst of and in interplay with other living matter. In a very cursory manner she credits society with initiating the neurosis (the defense against basic anxiety, parentally determined, upon which the whole neurotic superstructure is built). But from then on throughout society is relegated to oblivion.

Dr. Horney's "basic conflict" is that arising between the contradictions of those cumulative trends she distinguishes as Moving Toward, Moving Against and Moving Away from People. Yet, as she makes abundantly clear, all of these trends (embracing in essence neurotic compliance, neurotic need for power and sadism, neurotic detachment) are established after the

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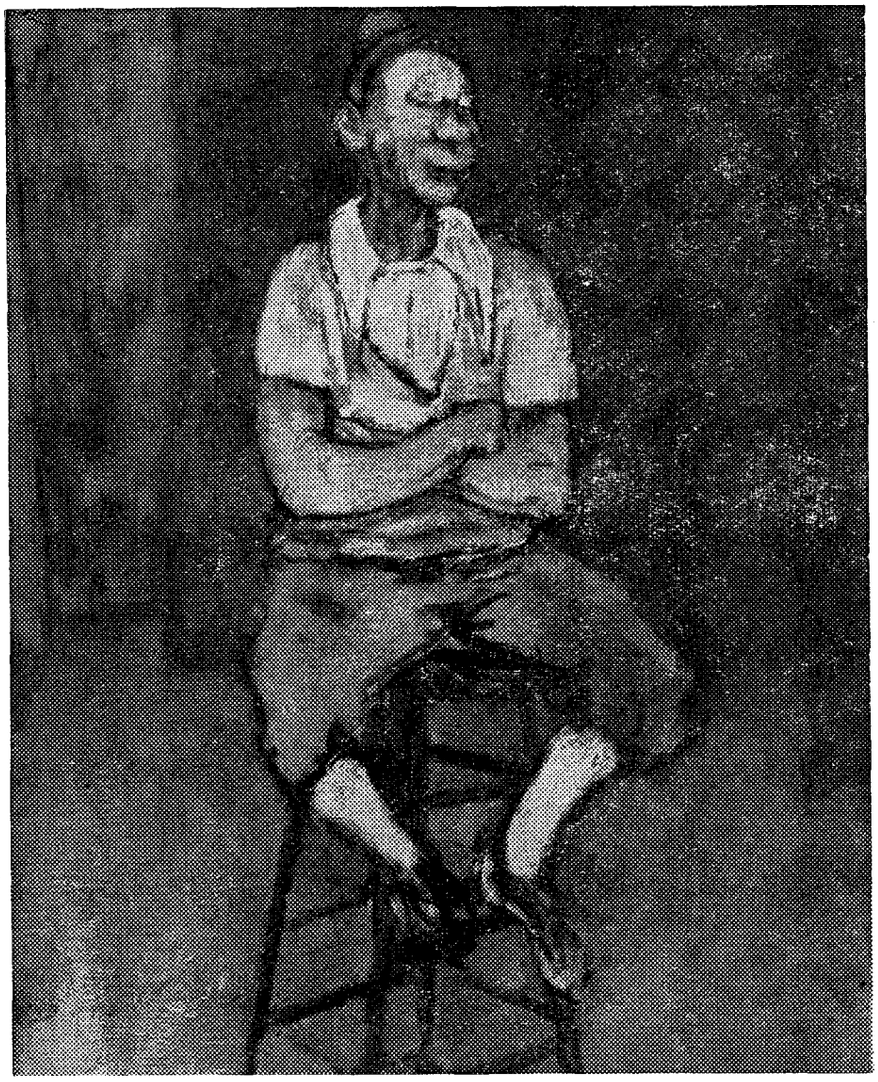

Associated American Artists.

"Performer," by Henry Botkin.

original alienation from people, after the social trauma (through the vehicle of the parents), and are ways of coping with already engendered adverse circumstances. There is conflict between these trends, of course, but *all of these movements* are unconstructive in character and reflect the *non-cooperative* aspects of the parental-child relationship. Yet the child, unless too severely damaged (the schizophrenic) does show growth too, some incentives for satisfaction and some capacity to achieve this satisfaction through a *movement with people*—the only way in which genuine satisfaction can be achieved.

It is profoundly significant that nowhere does Dr. Horney mention this. In her failure to appreciate that society has both cooperative movements (actual production itself) and contradictory movements, she fails to appreciate that the basic conflict is that between the individual's constructive aspects (his *movement with people*) and his unconstructive aspects (Horney's movement toward, etc., which are all *movements against people*). It is strange that Horney's society ends up as Freud's did —all evil—all counter-individual. Not only disturbances but human satisfactions and growth evolve in society.

If we discard an instinctual theory of neurosis (Freud) for a social one then we must perforce take cognizance of these differentia in social forces, and their continued operation in our monopolistic society in the genesis and differentiation of neuroses, and demonstrate the exact interplay. This Dr. Horney has failed to do. Her book merely amplifies her description of neurotic attitudes. We can only express the hope that in her future contributions she will again take the cognizance of cultural influences that made her original findings so valuable.

BERNARD S. ROBBINS.

Instant of Fruition

STORIES FROM FAR AND NEAR, *by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.50.*

IN HIS foreword, Feuchtwanger states that all the short stories in this book "are animated by a common purpose: to seize on that particular aspect of a subject—be it personality or the tendency of a period—which permits of an overall survey; to observe it at the moment which the great German critic Lessing terms the instant of fruition. They are, therefore, not short stories in the Anglo-Saxon sense, for none aims primarily at relating an anecdote, which is the chief function of the Anglo-Saxon story, according to Henry James. . . ."

The short story, and not the novel is, plainly enough, the proper medium for literary architecture such as Feuchtwanger has in mind, though his own novels also belong in this genre. On the whole the stories, here, seem to have been *made* to fit the genre and their credibility has been strained in the effort. But in the instances where Feuchtwanger succeeds in his purpose, we have some powerful stories. Most notable is "The Armored Cruiser Potemkin," which concerns a Bavarian Cabinet Minister who sees the film of that name. Here is caught and frozen in an instant the cataclysmic forces of masses swayed toward revolution and change, and the confused, alternately hostile and sympathetic reactions of a *blutwurst*-fed and beer-watered *Geheimrat*. Another, "History of the Brain Specialist Dr. B.," catches, with the speed of a camera shutter, all the irrationalities and irresponsibilities of men in power, of their hangers-on and subordinates, the whole naked absurdity of fascist dictatorship. In "The Little Season," by the mere shading of a few brush strokes, Feuchtwanger fixes, in pale pastels, the utter futilities of petit-bourgeois existence.

KURT CONWAY.

That Mayflower Crowd

SAINTS AND STRANGERS, Being the Lives of the Pilgrim Fathers and Their Families, With Their Friends and Foes, *by George F. Willison. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.75.*

AFTER they read this thorough and forthright history of the Pilgrim Fathers, I suspect that more than one of the estimable folk who claim descent from the Mayflower are going to do a little drastic, if quiet, editing of their family sagas.

Not that George Willison's excellent history is a mere piece of debunking,

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What Can You Spare That They Can Wear?

seeking to reduce the forefathers to less than mortal stature. All honest history, insofar as it sets forth events in their proper perspective, inevitably destroys legends created more to serve the vanity and aims of their originators than to recount simple truth.

Willison emphasizes a number of important facts that have long been obscured. A few of the Mayflower passengers were prosperous enough to command indentured servants, but the great majority owned nothing more than the shirts on their backs; and all were deeply indebted to the London Adventurers Company which provided the ship and meager supplies for establishing a colony.

Of the 104 who came on the ship, more than half weren't even of the faith, but were hastily recruited in England to fill the vessel. Except for the tiniest handful, they were men who had been earning a scant livelihood in England or Holland and were so desperate for a new economic opportunity that the terrors of the deep and the dangers of a wilderness couldn't deter them.

Even among the sainted originators of the voyage, men like Brewster, Bradford and Carver, the desire for freedom of worship went hand in hand with a recognized need for decent economic opportunity, as their own writings so clearly attest. In short, as Willison points out, the passengers on the Mayflower had more in common with the thousands who were later to come over in steerage than their descendants have since liked to recognize. What they had in common was a desire for freedom from persecution, and escape from economic bondage.

Incidentally, Mr. Willison makes clear that the persecutions visited upon the Dissenters—as the Pilgrims were known in England—were similar in kind and motive to those visited upon dissenters, such as the Communists, in our own time. In denying Dissenters the right to form a congregation of their own, with their own elected ministers, instead of worshipping in the Church of England, whose Bishops were appointed by the Crown, King James was well aware of what he was doing. This democratic procedure, said James, "as well agreeth with a Monarchy as God with the Devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet and at their pleasure censure me, and my Council, and all our proceedings."

In short, the democratic choice of preachers would next lead to the democratic choice of magistrates and lawgivers, and the shrewd James would tolerate no such potential threat to the status quo. This same stubborn resistance to the inescapable forces of history later cost James' son, Charles I, his head.

Even though the passengers on the Mayflower were largely a cross-section of the laboring and propertyless classes of England, they nevertheless were able to produce one of the great democratic documents of history—the famous Mayflower Compact, whereby members of the colony bound themselves into a body politic, freely to elect its own governing body. John Carver, first governor of Plymouth Plantation, thus became not only the first democratically elected governor in the New World, but probably the first in history to be named by the colonists themselves in a free election.

Mr. Willison also points to the misconception that continues to mislead readers of American history and literature: the confusion of the Pilgrims with the Puritans. The latter were compromisers, who remained in the Church of England, hoping to reform it from within. They formed the dour bluenoses who gave New England some of its bloodiest and cruelest persecutions. Theirs was a theocracy, with the voice of a Cotton Mather deciding matters civil as well as religious. Not so the Pilgrims. In Plymouth Plantation the civil authority was always independent and primary to the religious authority. There were no witch-burnings there, and even the spiritual leaders of the community, like Bradford and Brewster, were more interested in having the group prosper together in brotherly love than in attaining religious conformity, as shown by the fact that the majority of the settlers were not even of the Dissenters' sect.

The passengers on the Mayflower were simply people. Some, like Brewster and Bradford, nobly endowed with both wisdom and character, were superior men, even though the nature of their superiority has been distorted and obscured by many who venerate their names. Yet another of the famous ship's passengers, one Billington, had to be hanged for murder.

Stripped of its false decorations and historical perversions, the Pilgrim saga, as this valuable history reveals, is the heritage of all freedom-loving people—particularly the under-privileged and oppressed. The Mayflower, too, may well symbolize their struggle from bondage.

ARTHUR STRAWN.

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Recent Verse

LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND, *by Randall Jarrell. Dial Press. $2.*
MAN IN THE MIRROR, *by Aaron Schmuller. Harbinger House. $1.50.*
A MAN AGAINST TIME, *by William Ellery Leonard. Appleton-Century. $2.*

MR. JARRELL concludes that the war in which he participated as a soldier was "in vain." It is apparently his conviction that all wars are the same, that there was no difference between 1918 and 1945; that the essence of all war is fraudulent death. I would not expect an honest soldier to come home singing the glories of war but I look for more than the smug clarity of cynicism. Though in many places Jarrell's poems strike home, in mirror-flashes, the sidelights of war, the "lost warrior" theme leads the poet down the narrow alley at whose end there is always an explosion and a catastrophe. Jarrell, it seems, encountered no soldier who knew about what he was fighting for. Since almost all of Jarrell's poems end on the same note I cite the concluding lines of "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner," which is also the concluding piece of the book:

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I lunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

This current springs also from less literary founts, fascist founts among them.

Man in the Mirror is Aaron Schmuller's first collection of poems. I could not help reading it with a twinge of pain because, though the themes are broad, humane and express a lofty hope for mankind, if the reader is not forearmed with Mr. Schmuller's convictions, these qualities may be without effect. The poems give a sense of imitative laboring. It is not the lack of smooth craftsmanship which weakens *Man in the Mirror* so much as that Schmuller tries to lace himself into well-thought-of forms. His Whitmanesque borrowing announces itself in the title poem:

A mass of habits and hobbies, desires and dreams
gathered in a single skin-sack
and thus conceived inside and out:

High-flung huge mane of hair,
Fuzzy thick-set maze of comb-breaking hair forestry, brown woven,
Wide Negroid nostrils of the Africano,
Black brows, long black lashes bordering round
Flashing darky-eyes, set in white-face white-face forehead,
Looking toward all men. . . .

You there, Man in the Mirror, flinging firebrand balloos
To men of all denominations—
White man, black man, yellow man and all others!
Pauper, but not money-man, but not prelate or potentate
nor any prince born son; . . .

But there is ample reason to believe that the author of *Man in the Mirror* can fight his way to a more individual verse.

The sixty-seven love sonnets in William Ellery Leonard's posthumous *A Man Against Time* are the work of an experienced hand grown a little tired. They treat of the difficulties of love between two people of grossly unmatched years (the poet in the twilight of his life having married a young woman). Their three major themes are an old man's rediscovery of love's anatomy, his deep hurt at childlessness and over his wife's fear that in death he will take from her the meaning of her life.

MILTON BLAU.

A Great Teacher

RACE AND DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY, *by Franz Boas. J. J. Augustin. $2.50.*

THIS volume of essays renews the pangs that every person of good will felt on the death of the great teacher, Franz Boas. It is not too much to say that Franz Boas founded the discipline of anthropology. From the department at Columbia University which he headed for almost fifty years, from the lecture platform which he graced for an even longer period, from the dozen volumes of enduring content and the over 600 articles and papers that he contributed to learned and popular periodicals, he dispersed his stimulating influence throughout the rational world. He was plagued by his share of bigoted, witch-hunting committees, but nothing deterred him from his search for, and persistent broadcasting of, the truth.

Boas did more than any other single individual to expose the vicious fallacy of racism. He recognized, too, and analyzed the basic "economic and so-

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ON MARCH 15, 1946

NEW MASSES' yearly subscription rate will be six dollars instead of five. The magazine regrets the necessity for this change, but January 1 has brought added printing, engraving, and paper costs so that in order to continue delivery to its readers, NM has no choice other than to increase sub prices.

To you who now renew, no matter what the date of expiration of your sub: we will accept your renewals at the five-dollar yearly rate for one year, nine dollars for two years, and twelve dollars for three, provided you renew not later than March 15. And, also until March 15, every new subscriber whose order is postmarked before midnight on that date will be accepted at five dollars for one year, nine dollars for two, twelve dollars for three.

In spite of the dollar increase, it is still less expensive to subscribe to NEW MASSES than to buy it from week to week. At fifteen cents per copy on the newsstands, it would cost you $7.80 annually. Even with the new six-dollar rate, you save $1.80.

One more thing. Watch the pages of the magazine in the next few weeks for especially interesting news of changes and improvements.

cial forces . . . [the] class conflicts" so important for an understanding of the origin and tenacity of the lie. He announced, and *demonstrated*, that "it is the way of life that dictates what the body shall do, and not the body what the way of life shall be. What is true of the body is also true of the mind and therefore of social behavior."

On a dozen other fronts he was a pioneer. He examined the high level of society attained by African Negroes prior to their spoliation by commercial capitalism, when Carter G. Woodson and W. E. B. DuBois were just launching their distinguished careers. He hailed, in 1919, "the Russian Soviets" as representing "an attempt to reach in this manner a truer and clearer expression of the wishes of the people than can be attained by the older means," and saw that a redefinition of property rights was a basic need in any modern effort to extend the meaning of liberty. He demanded true and full equality of educational opportunity, a national and adequate health, old-age, and unemployment insurance program. He excoriated trustee-control of American universities, and the hounding of radical teachers. He espoused internationalism. He denounced cynicism, pragmatism, and kindred manifestations of defeatism. He affirmed a belief in the existence of basic truths and virtues, and analyzed, in a most original and fruitful manner, the origins of the debased moralities of the propertied classes as contrasted with the uncorrupted values of the masses.

And as he aged he developed, for the militance and clarity of the papers written when he was eighty years old are even greater than those produced half a century before. It is not without significance that one of Franz Boas' last articles was written for NEW MASSES four years ago, and though his son chose not to include it in this volume it remains one of the most succinct and precise summaries of his views in print. Despite the unfortunate omission, this book brings us, in distilled form, the wisdom of one of the very greatest men of the past century.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

War Novel

THE LONG NOVEMBER, *by James Benson Nablo. Dutton. $2.50.*

IF *The Long November* is any indication of the coming war books then there are good ones on the way. Mr. Nablo has written a good book and an honest one.

There has been so much nonsense pushed between the covers of books about World War II (most of it written by newspapermen, or military public relations experts, or slogan copywriters who should be working for NAM) that I find it refreshing to read about Joe Mack, a Canadian who enlists in the Canadian Army to avert a possible jail sentence. Not that one commends such an action, but Mr. Nablo implies that Joe Mack had no conception of the war and why it was being fought, symbolizing a generation weaned on meaningless slogans. When Mack runs away to the army he does so with memories of mineowners who made millions at the expense of workers, cardsharks, rumrunners and other vicious characters, including certain nice old women who own real estate. To fight for the preservation of such contemptibles didn't make sense to Mack and he reacted as many soldiers did to the war.

The thing that made American soldiers good and brave fighters in the field was an unbreakable comradeship in the face of danger. American soldiers mostly wanted to get the war over with and go home. They were not out to destroy fascism. They did not hate the Germans for what they had done to the world. It even appears that there is less hatred for the Germans among returning soldiers than for those soldiers' allies.

The Long November finally brings Joe Mack to a besieged house in Italy where, under watchful Nazi eyes, he spends three hours thinking. Everything of any importance that happened to him seems to have happened in November. He recalls Steffie Gibson, the girl he always loved, and Granny Gibson, one of the nice old women he despises. He recalls Fern Miller, whose husband was killed in a mine accident, and Jake Levinsky. Mr. Nablo deserves a special commendation for drawing a Jewish character who sounds like a human being.

The publishers say that Nablo "has written a passionate indictment of the decade before the Second World War." It is that. But it goes beyond that. The book ends on a sweeping affirmative note.

I think Mr. Nablo made a mistake in writing his book in the first person, which sometimes makes it read like a confession story. Mr. Nablo also flings his people into the story with disconcerting suddenness. But these faults are minor. *The Long November* is exciting and has something to say and says it well.

SAM ELKIN.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

THE RESISTANCE SPEAKS IN FILMS

By DEREK KARTUN

Paris, by mail.

IMMEDIATELY after the Liberation, a group of French film technicians and writers got together to discuss the future of their art and ways of helping it to play its full part in the new life that everyone expected for France. Under the leadership of Louis Daquin, Secretary of the Cine-technicians' Union, they founded the first film production cooperative, "*La Cooperative Generale du Cinema Francais.*" Their aim was to tell the story of the people's resistance through films; to tell it simply and clearly in the tradition of classic French lucidity and artistic discipline, without the tormented overlay of neurosis and obsession with the macabre and the hopeless which was the French cinema's way of expressing its lack of faith in the life of pre-war capitalist France.

Though hopes of a nationalized film industry faded, the cooperative did not wilt away. In May 1945, it started work on its first big picture, *Bataille du Rail* (Battle of the Railroad), which tells the story of the resistance of the French railway workers to the German invaders. Rene Clement, who directed and wrote the script, toured every part of France, talked with hundreds of railwaymen, collected stories of actual resistance experiences and soaked himself in the atmosphere of railroading. He used very few professional actors—and those unknown—relying almost entirely on the railway workers themselves. *Bataille du Rail* proves once again that great qualities of realism and sincerity can be got by asking people to repeat in front of a camera the jobs they have done and the phrases they have used for many years. Any competent actor can learn how to tap an axle-box with a twelve-pound hammer; but Clement holds that he will never do it with quite the realism of a railwayman who has tapped thousands of axle-boxes every year of his working life. This has produced brilliant effects of reality, similar to those of *The Baker's Wife* before the war.

A close-up from "Bataille du Rail." The French engine crew—played by real railway workers—of the German train are in the plot to prevent the train from reaching the Normandy front.

The cooperative has done more than produce a good film. It has given talented young technicians a chance to prove their worth. Both Clement and Alekan are under thirty; neither has made a big picture before. In this cooperative undertaking both have waived part of their salaries in return for a percentage of the profits. This principle has been followed by the other members of the production unit and is, of course, the basis of the cooperative method of production. Apart from those who worked on the film, all of whom, from producer to call-boy, have "shares" in the production, people not directly associated with the work can share on the usual cooperative lines. It is to the credit of the French government that, through the General Directorate of the Cinema, they have advanced part of the money necessary to make *Bataille du Rail*. The balance was furnished by the railwaymen's resistance group.

In view of the fact that full commercial distribution has been assured in France the film will certainly make a profit. On its merits it deserves wide distribution in Britain and America, where it can do the same job for friendship between the three countries that *Desert Victory* and *The True Glory* did in France.

The cooperative has another film, *Dawn on the Sixth of June,* in the cutting stage. This documentary, lasting an hour and a half, and directed by Jean Gremillon, deals with the history of Normandy and includes the two great British landings—in the Hundred Years' War and in 1944.

Other films in preparation are *Comedy Before Moliere's Day* and *Vercors*—both documentaries—the latter consisting in large part of shots taken during the Maquis' bitterest days of fighting during the occupation in the

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Vercors region. *The Devil Sighs* and *If the Young Knew* are two feature films planned for production during the coming year. Louis Daquin hopes soon to have a distributors cooperative to work with his production units, bringing independence of the big commercial distributors.

At a time when all the indications are that the French cinema is travelling the Hollywood road of ever higher production costs, leading to ever greater financial interference with the work of producers (and all that this implies in the matter of "playing safe" and the box office test), *La Cooperative Generale du Cinema Francais* has an extremely important job to do in defending the high artistic standards of French films.

On Broadway

"A WINTER'S TALE" (Theater Guild production at the Cort Theater) is one of the plays of Shakespeare's old age. Esthete critics have found qualities in it, as in the other plays of this period, which they particularly relish. The presumption is that by then Shakespeare had outlived the vulgar turmoils of life, and arrived at a wise serenity which these plays reflect. "Purified" of his interest in history he had come to a perfect fantasy unstained by reality.

I have looked in these plays for the values so cherished by the esthete critics. What I have found is that the poetry is more concise and exact; but it is doubtful whether this gain balances the loss in the suppleness and eloquence of the earlier poetry. And the purest of fantasy could never compensate for the loss of that magnificent sense of life, at all levels of consciousness, that provides, in the great tragedies, a far more potent magic than Prospero's wand or the *Winter's Tale's* Delphic oracle.

Though still the work of a master, *A Winter's Tale*—like the *Tempest*, which it falls short of—descends with a sort of senile need for ease into the conventions—or the corn—of its time. Particularly offensive is its descent into the Renaissance convention which assigned all human nobility to the "nobly" born, and all stupidity and boorishness to the commonalty.

As drama *A Winter's Tale* is a tour de force, an almost exact mixture of tragedy and comic masque. Its first half, a study of sexual jealousy, is poor in the psychological insights of the earlier plays, and is almost entirely in the overblown melodramatic convention of the time. The second half is a masque rather awkward in its gambols and fantasy rather burdensome to the mind, which is called upon to sag to depths rather than soar to heights.

Shakespeare's consummate craftsmanship carries off the tour de force. The two parts hold together. And the reward of the poetry is still sufficient to keep the night from being ill spent. But considering the several great Shakespeare plays not yet seen here in the past decade, one feels that the Theater Guild has misspent its and the audience's time. Its production is in the smooth and lavish Guild tradition, but it is curiously unimpressive, though Henry Daniell and the supporting cast succeed, for part of the time, in being credible in incredible roles. Where the production comes off poorest is in its song and dance which, despite some good stepping, is over-arch and affected.

IN *The Would-Be Gentleman* (at the Booth) Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is reduced in content to a vaudeville skit then reexpanded into a two-hour burlesque, a process which spreads the meager substance far too thin to sustain interest. Bobby Clark is a superb comic, but one clown doesn't make a circus: what would be hilarious for its best ten minutes becomes tiresome beyond that. Time, and familiarity with the animal, may have dulled the point and the comedy of Moliere's satire of the emerging bourgeoisie. It may therefore have been worth sacrificing some of the comedy and the satire for some of Bobby Clark's clowning; but not the whole play. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Records

LOVERS of modern music can rejoice in this month's output of recordings by Victor and Columbia. The choice is excellent and the quality of reproduction high. Victor gives us Leonard Bernstein's "Jeremiah" Symphony and Darius Milhaud's *Protee Suite,* and Columbia, Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony—a varied international offering.

Leonard Bernstein's "Jeremiah" was completed in 1942 and won the Critics Circle award in 1944. This excellent recording by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, reenforces the robust impression the work made two years ago as an energetic piece of craftsmanship, technically adept in instrumentation and thematic development, and deserving of a permanent place in the musical repertory. One might add, however, that

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like so many compositions evoked by literary masterpieces, it exposes itself to critical comparison with the sublimity of the original. Judged by the prophetic poem, the first two movements ("Prophecy" and "Profanation") appear, for all their forcefulness, somewhat theatrical. The third movement, in which Nan Merriman beautifully sings the Hebrew words of the lamentation, is the most original and unpretentious. The recording is very good. (Victor DM-1026, three twelve-inch records.)

Shostakovich's *Sixth Symphony* (Columbia MM-585, five twelve-inch records; tenth side, Kabalevsky's Overture to *Colas Breugnon*) was originally planned as a choral symphony in honor of Lenin. But the idea was abandoned: fortunately, in my opinion, for I doubt whether the composer was at that stage in his development equal to the mighty subject. In its own right, the work once more reveals the extraordinary range and facility of the young genius; and in addition, a growing emotional depth. The long, simple and powerful first movement (Adagio) is a model of orchestral economy and, it seems to me, a landmark in the composer's musical development. The other two movements have characteristic touches—the brilliant play of fireworks, limitless orchestral and thematic ingenuity—also occasional acrobatics. I confess that the element of parody in the last movement leaves me slightly cold. The performance by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony is masterly.

Darius Milhaud's incidental music to Paul Claudel's *Protee* is more than twenty years old; but it is still magnificent: fresh, sprightly, alive and satiric. Today one can hardly understand the storm it aroused on its first performance. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra make of this recording a memorable experience. (Victor DM-1027, three twelve-inch records.)

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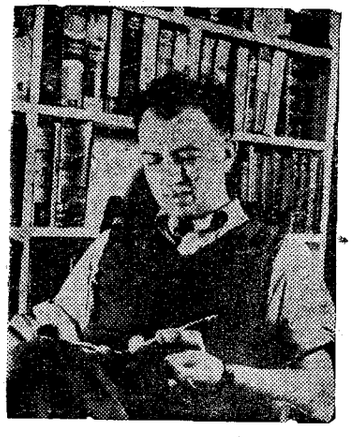

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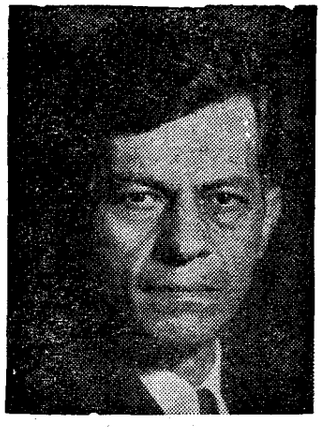

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